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THE DOCTOR'S WATCHMAN.

"Tell you what, doctor; you'll be getting robbed and murdered one of these days; you will, upon my word!"

"Hardly, my boy. You ought to know, by this time, that it's the province of us doctors to kill other people, not to be killed ourselves." And, with a thick chuckle at his own wit, Dr. John Hunter Bistoury settled himself comfortably in his chair, and began to peel his third orange as carefully as if he were taking off a limb.

When the doctor first came to New York, thirty years before, he had been in no way burdened with riches; but his face had proved his fortune in a different sense from that of the over-candid milkmaid in the song. The mere sight of that round, florid, jovial visage, in every crease of which a joke or a good story seemed to be lurking, was a cordial in itself, and appeared capable of reviving the most hopeless invalid without the aid of medicine at all. Mindful of the human weakness which makes so many worthy people regard their own ailments as a kind of personal distinction, the lessening of which in any way is a direct insult to themselves, Dr. Bistoury skillfully took a middle course between alarming his patients, by an overserious view of their case, and offending them by appearing to make light of it. In this way he had acquired an enormous practice, and his reputation now stood so high that the mere eclat of his name had sufficed to sell an entire edition of his great work upon "The Mutual Relations of Mind and Body," in which he proved to his own satisfaction, if not to that of all his readers, that all criminal impulses whatever, and indeed the very existence of sin itself, are wholly due to "a morbid action of the physical system"—that a murder may be prevented by the timely use of Epsom salts, and an unbeliever converted by a judicious contemplation of the virtues of quinine.

"I can assure you, my dear Harry," resumed the genial doctor, "that it's amazing flattering to me to find myself considered worth robbing at all. No thief would have thought me worth a center-bit in the days when your poor father—as fine a fellow, Harry, as ever breathed—used to come and sup with me upon biscuits and toasted cheese in my little snuggery down town. And then, as surely as the time came to go, he'd turn to me and say: 'Now, Jack, old boy, won't you think better of it, and let me write you a check—just to give you a fair start, you know?' But, although I knew well enough that he'd have been only too glad to do it, I had to refuse; for my motto is, 'Heaven helps those who help themselves!'"

"A motto which you'll find some black-masked gentleman exemplifying in this very house one of these nights," growled Harry Everett. "Look here, doctor, I'm not joking—I'm not, indeed. Everybody knows you're a rich man, and it's got abroad that there's a room in your house which is always shut up; the very thing to make people think there must be something very valuable stowed away there, and yet, after all that, you go living in this big house without a soul near you except the cook and old Sam yonder, who wouldn't be worth a cent in a real scrimmage!"

"Well, my boy," said the doctor, with a curious smile; "would it tranquilize your mind if I were to engage a night-watchman?"

"I should think so. That would be just the thing."

"Very good. Consider it done."

This room, of which Harry had spoken as being "always shut up," was a standing puzzle to the doctor's few intimates. Not a man of them had ever crossed its threshold, and its master, when questioned on the subject, answered only by some joking evasion. Rumor whispered that one adventurous gentleman, rendered desperate by his wife's threat to give him no peace till he found out "what Dr. Bistoury kept hid in that room of his," had actually attempted a burglarious entrance; but the attempt, if ever made, had been unsuccessful. It is needless to say that countless conjectures, and not a few heavy bets, likewise, were being constantly made respecting the contents of this Bluebeard chamber. Many declared that the doctor had fitted it up in the hope of discovering the Philosopher's stone. Others were equally positive that it contained the hoardings of his whole life in American gold, his opinions being notoriously of the "hard-money" order. A rival practitioner, of a somewhat cynical turn, suggested that it must contain the remains of the unfortunate patients who had perished under that fellow Bistoury's ministrations, and one imaginative lady, deeply read in "Jane Eyre," stoutly maintained that the doctor, in imitation of the hero of that famous work, had immured his wife in that mysterious *oubliette*, in order to enjoy unchecked the freedom of a bachelor life. Against this ingenious theory there was only one thing to be said—the doctor had never had a wife to immure. This flagrant treason against the sex was the more unpardonable inasmuch as he had had abundant opportunities of changing his condition, had he but chosen to avail himself of them. To most of those who questioned him on the subject he replied that he was wedded to his profession, and that any other union would be flat bigamy; but to his friend Harry Everett, in a moment of after-dinner confidence, he told a very different story.

"My medical cousin Alice was the woman who ought to have been Mrs. Bistoury, and an admirable fellow-practitioner she would have made for me. The way in which she once cut a splinter out of my thumb did equal honor to her hand and her heart; and, when she was only 13, she bought a skeleton with her uncle's birthday gift of $5" (a fact), "and articulated it in a manner that was really masterly. But in an evil hour she became tainted with a fancy for homeopathy; and after that, of course, all was over between us. Such is life!"

The doctor's agreement to engage a night-watchman quieted Harry's apprehensions for the time being; but a few weeks later he returned to the attack once more. "I say, doctor, have you got that night-watchman yet?"

"Yes; some time ago."

"Well, he don't seem to do his duty, then, for I've passed this way at all hours of the night, and never seen him. Are you quite sure he's to be trusted?"

"Wait and see!" replied the doctor, oracularly.

And Everett waited, but did *not* see. The invisible watchman remained as invisible as ever, and Harry, out of patience with his old friend's seeming infatuation, had almost decided to take some decisive step on his own authority, when a new complication introduced itself into the drama. This was nothing less than the temporary retirement of the doctor's veteran man-servant, popularly known as "Old Sam," whose health had begun to give way so manifestly that his master insisted on sending him into the country for a three months' holiday, replacing him with another man, who had volunteered as promptly as if he had been keeping his eye on the place for a year past. The new-comer was a grave, smooth-faced, taciturn man, who moved as noiselessly as a shadow, and seemed a living combination of the two proverbial requisites of a good servant—silence and obedience.

But, although the doctor and his friends highly approved of this model domestic, there was one man who did not. That one was Harry Everett, who lost no time in announcing his opinion.

"Look here, doctor. I don't want to be always bothering you about this robbery idea, but it's a fact that that new fellow of yours is up to some mischief. I was coming home pretty late last night when I caught sight of him standing at the garden gate talking to a couple of men. One of them happened to turn his face to the lamplight as I passed, and I knew him at once for a noted thief, who goes by the name of 'Badger Bill.'"

"Indeed! Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure. You know I never forget a face I've once seen."

"Ah! In that case, it's time for me to *act!*" The last word was so curiously emphasized that Harry, who was not wanting in shrewdness, began to suspect that his persistent warnings to the doctor had been superfluous, after all, and that the old gentleman was quite equal to the emergency.

The suspicion was confirmed one evening about a week later, when the doctor dropped in upon him unexpectedly, saying: "Give me some dinner, my boy. You've no engagement this evening, I know; so I'm going to be very benevolent, and find you some amusement myself. Have you ever read 'The Count of Monte Christo?' because you're going to see a chapter of it dramatized to-night, and pretty effectively, too, I flatter myself."

"What *do* you mean?" asked Everett, staring.

"Why, you see, I told my servants a few days ago that I should be away from home to-night, and my cook naturally seized the chance for getting an 'evening out;' consequently, the house will be under the sole charge of that worthy man-servant of mine, against whom you're so unaccountably prejudiced. It's quite possible that the two honest gentlemen with whom you saw him talking the other night may be kind enough to enliven his solitude with a visit; and so—"

Harry sprung to his feet, and cut a caper worthy of a dancing dervish, snapping his fingers by way of accompaniment. "Capital! first-rate! I see it all now! But come, now, doctor; why on earth couldn't you tell me before that you were up to the whole game, instead of letting me make a fool of myself by preaching to a man as smart as any six of me?"

"Never mind, my boy," said the doctor, laughing. "Your warning was kindly meant, all the same. Eat your dinner—you'll *want* it before the evening's over, I can promise you—and then we'll have our talk."

Dinner over, the doctor lit one of the incomparable cigars which were his sole luxury, and proceeded to expound his plan of action. "I've locked up the outer room that opens into my mysterious chamber, which puts two strong doors between it and the robbers. My estimable servant will warn them of this, and they'll try the window instead. He'll let them in by the garden door, and give them the old ladder that lies beside it to mount by. *We'll* hide in the stable, which, thanks to my keeping my brougham elsewhere—has been unused so long that no one would dream of suspecting it; but I can open the door easily enough. And then—"

"And then," broke in Harry, eagerly, "we'll go for them the minute they appear. It'll be a fine chance to try my new revolver."

"Better leave it at home," said the doctor, quietly; "we shall want no weapons for this job."

"Why, are you going to mesmerize the fellows?" asked Everett, completely mystified.

"Wait and see," chuckled the doctor. "We needn't be there till 11, for my honest domestic will make sure, before giving the signal, that I'm not coming back; and beside an experienced burglar seldom begins work till after midnight. The only thing to be sure of is that nobody sees us getting in."

But in this fortune favored them; and, as the doctor had foretold, the lock of the stable door, rusty as it looked, moved without difficulty, and the two conspirators glided in, unseen and unheard.

Weary, weary work, crouching there in the darkness, with ear and eye strained to the utmost for the first sign of the coming danger. Dr. Bistoury's practiced nerves bore even this prolonged trial easily enough; but to the impulsive, excitable Everett it was absolute torture. Like all young soldiers, he found the suspense before the action infinitely more trying than the fray itself. The stable opened on the street close to the garden-door, and its farther window, at which the two watchers had posted themselves, commanded the whole side of the house, the blackness of which was relieved only by a solitary light in one of the upper windows. Suddenly the light vanished, and reappeared a moment later—a performance repeated three times in quick succession.

"That must be the signal," whispered the doctor. "Keep your ears open, Harry."

Courageous as Everett was, he felt his pulse quicken, and his hand went instinctively to the revolver which, despite the doctor's verdict, he had persisted in bringing with him.

"Hark! Was that a stealthy footstep outside?"

The next moment came a low whistle, instantly answered from the house; and then a shadowy figure, issuing from the building, glided noiselessly to the garden-door, and opened it to admit two others.

"They've got the ladder," whispered Dr. Bistoury, as the three phantoms crossed the garden. "Be on the lookout, my boy; you're going to see something worth seeing!"

The ladder was soon placed against the mysterious window, and Badger Bill, after whispering to his comrade to "keep an eye" on their worthy confederate, ascended, and, cutting out a pane so dexterously that the sound was barely audible, put his hand through and shot back the hasp. His two assistants mounted after him; and Bill, stepping cautiously into the room, turned the "bull's-eye" of his lantern upon its interior.

Instantly the treacherous servant recoiled with a stifled cry.

"Ain't that a—a *coffin* over yonder?" whispered he, tremulously. "Good gracious! suppose there should be a dead man in it, and——"

"S'pose you should be a thunderin' big fool!" growled Bill, savagely. "Shut your mouth, will yer, or that'll be another dead man somewhar round soon. I'm a-goin' right in—*I* am!" And he stepped resolutely forward.

Crash! the coffin-lid burst open, and a skeleton, thrown out in ghastly relief by the red light that flamed in its eyeless sockets, started up with a hideous rattle, thrusting forward its bony arms and grinning jaws as if about to spring on them. The "*Sauve qui peut*" of Napoleon was not more decisive. The honest servant gave one yell sufficient to wake the whole neighborhood, and rolled on the floor in convulsions. The second burglar, leaping backward, dashed his head with such force against the corner of a bureau that he dropped as if felled with an ax, while Badger Bill, making a frantic rush for the window, overturned the ladder, and fell crashing along with it, breaking his leg in the fall.

"You see now, Harry," said the doctor, as they went up-stairs after seeing their unbidden guests marched off by the police, "that my night-watchman did know his duty, although there's nothing more unearthly about him than a few concealed springs, which are released upon the approach of any one, and a little phosphorus. As for this wonderful room, you see it's only a laboratory, after all. But the stories that people told about it amused me so much that I must plead guilty to having given them a good deal of encouragement. Now, let us be off to bed; and I think you may sleep in peace after this, for it strikes me it'll be some time before anybody robs my house again."

And, indeed, no one has ever attempted it since

Spasmodic Action.

The muscles are endowed with contractile power. They tend of themselves to draw their extremities toward their center. The heart is a double hollow muscle, whose alternate contraction and dilation constitutes its "beating." The contraction throws out the blood into the system, and the dilation opens the heart for more. The working of this central engine is so essential that its power to dilate and contract is, to some extent, provided for within itself. So much so is this the case that the heart will beat for a considerable time after it has been removed from a vigorous animal.

Certain ganglia at the base of the brain supply the force necessary to motion—the motor nerve-force, as it is called. The supply is generated by the nerve cells in the motor centers, directly from arterial blood.

Withhold the blood from the motor cells and all motion at once ceases. The same effect follows when the blood is sufficiently vitiated through the failure of the lungs, liver or kidneys to eliminate its constantly accumulating impurities.

The motor nerve-force acts by extending the muscles; or, when they are in a state of apparent rest, by simply counteracting the contractile tendency. In the case of the heart, the motor and the contractile force act alternately.

If, through any cause, the motor force is suddenly checked, the muscles yield to their normal tendency, and the result is spasms. Hence spasms in the dying do not generally indicate suffering, for the nerves of sensation also, at the same time, fail of their nervous supply.

On the contrary, cramps in the limbs at night, caused by an over use of the muscles, which has partially exhausted the supply of motor-force, are attended with pain, inasmuch as there is no diminution of *sensational* nerve-force.

The arteries have a muscular coat, by the action of which the arterial blood is increased or diminished. In the case of the dying—and often under other circumstances—the lessening of the motor-force allows the arterial muscles to contract along their entire course, thus greatly diminishing the blood supply to all the nervous centers, and lowering the power of sensation. Hence the act of dying is ordinarily painless. Hence, too, the pallor of the face.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE best substance to preserve polished steel from rust is pure paraffine. The steel should be warmed sufficiently to melt the paraffine, which should, however, be already in a melted condition. Lay the paraffine on with a brush or rag, and wipe it carefully off with a very warm and dry rag. The thin coat of paraffine left adhering to the metal after this process will not be perceptible to the eye. Being solid, it does not leave the greasy feeling that remains when oil or tallow is used. It does not affect in the slightest degree the color of the object, and we think it would prove excellent for the protection of a fine gun barrel from the action of a damp and saline atmosphere.

A REPORTER on the Rochester *Democrat* counted twenty-seven young men in one evening who were driving livery rigs with one hand. The other hand was either off or belonged to an arm around a girl.

Carried Safely Through.

The danger of reviving an old appetite, or of creating a new one, by administering alcoholic drinks to sick persons has led many conscientious medical men to abandon the practice.

In the following case is an instance where a patient with the assent and sympathy of his physician, refused strong drink to the very verge of death. Trusting in God he fought his battle through, and conquered. The facts are condensed from a narrative in a recent address of a member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

A reformed drunkard, after sixteen years of faithful adherence to his pledge, was attacked with *pyœmia*, or decay of the blood, probably the slow growth of seeds sown during his early excesses.

The physician who was called to him was well aware that wine and malt liquors were always prescribed in such cases, but he shrunk from the responsibility of possibly making the man a drunkard again—if he recovered.

The disease is almost incurable, under any treatment. He frankly told his patient so, and submitted to him the question of the remedies. The patient referred it back to him.

"With a wife and nine children dependent on me," he said, "I do not wish to die; but, doctor, my children know nothing about strong drink."

The physician was in a distressing dilemma. To withhold the liquors, and probably lose his patient, seemed almost like committing a crime against a human life. To prescribe them, and save his patient would probably only insure the man's slower ruin.

The physician was a Christian man. He asked for guidance from Him in whose hands are the lives of all men, and decided at last to dispense with all alcoholic stimulants, and use only simple nutrients and correctives. If he could not restore the man's health, he would do nothing to injure his soul.

The patient, who was also a follower of Christ, grew weaker every day, but his faith in his physician, and his faith in his Savior, were touching to see. Week after week he lay helpless on his bed, praying alternately for life, for his family, and for resignation. But all the time the thought that he was free from the poison that he hated for the harm it had done him gave him joy.

"Thank God," he would say, "if I die, I shall go into God's presence a sober man."

At last his friends interfered, and insisted that he should take wine. It was the only thing that would revive him, they said, for he was almost gone. But he replied:

"No, no; if this is the passage from life to death, I am happy. Once I was dying a drunkard, and that was misery unspeakable."

His wife entreated him with tears, but even she could not move him.

"Take the wine away," he whispered, pointing to it with his feeble finger. "It nearly lost me heaven once. Take it away!"

By-and-by the crisis came. The physician in despair wrote what he believed to be his last prescription, ordered careful nursing and went away. The patient lay scarcely breathing, his attentive watcher leaning over him, with fingers on his pulse. The pulse began to grow stronger; the breathing became deeper and more regular. The weeping family in the next room waited for the closing scene. They heard a strange sound and hushed to the sufferer's bedside. The poor man had opened his eyes and was trying to sing

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.

The crisis seemed to be passed, and the gladness with which wife and children joined in that thanksgiving must have made itself heard in heaven.

The man got well, and that physician will always believe that his recovery was due to the fidelity and Christian trust which enabled him to keep his pledge through a trial such as few men would care to encounter.

A Pretty Girl at Auction.

"Grandfather" Ackley, of the village of Watkins, N. Y., had rather a novel experience recently while "crying off" a vendue in the town of Hector. After disposing of the articles on the sale list, there was a lull in business, and the crowd was getting impatient waiting for "Grandfather" to "come down," or rather to announce the close of the sale, when a pretty, plump, rosy girl asked him to offer her to the highest bidder. "Grandfather," being of a modest retiring disposition, seemed reluctant, but the girl insisted, so he proceeded to "cry" her off. The first bid was offered by a timid young man with a pianissimo voice, who weakly offered $75, a bald-headed man "went him $50 better," and the bidding went along lively until $2,000 was offered. At this juncture the girl's father went $1,000 better" and "Grandfather" closed the bid to that gentleman. "Grandfather" looked the crowd of young men over, and, raising himself up in a dignified way, proceeded to address them in the following manner: "Gentlemen, I am surprised, nay more, deeply mortified, to think that you should let such a prize slip through your hands for such a paltry sum. Why, do you know that this young lady would, if married, get up in the morning and make a fire without jarring the floor enough to wake her lord and master up; and, furthermore, if I were as young as some of you, I would swim the whole length of Seneca lake, climb a liberty pole, throw the pole away and climb fifty feet further rather than lose the opportunity you fellows have." It is needless to say the assemblage roared with laughter.—*New York Evening Telegram.*

The Greatest Work of Goethe.

Victor Hugo never could abide Goethe. Good reason why. The great German said of "Notre Dame" that it was a nice-enough story, but villainously valueless from a historical point of view. "Goethe?" said Hugo, scornfully, when his name was mentioned once, "Goethe? Who is Goethe? What did he ever write? What does he amount to? The only thing he ever wrote that is at all passable is 'The Robbers.'" "Pardon me, master," observes one of Hugo's disciples; "but 'The Robbers' is by Schiller." "And that is Schiller's!" concluded Hugo, in triumph.—*French paper.*

SCIENCE AND ART.

FROM the speed of light, which has been measured, it is proved that at least four hundred and fifty-one millions of millions of these minute waves flow into the eye and dash against the retina in each second.

WHITE fish less than a week old and looking like a pair of eyes with a tail, if placed beneath a microscope are found to be transparent, and exhibit beautifully the action of the heart in propelling the blood, and its circulation through the tail.

IF seeds (barley, corn, etc.,) be placed between moist pieces of litmus paper, the roots stick to the paper and color it so intensely red that even on the back of the paper their course can be traced in red lines on a blue ground. If tincture of litmus be repeatedly added, the intensity of the red color is increased.

PROF. J. LAWRENCE SMITH, of Louisville, Ky., in a paper read before the French Academy of Sciences, says that the meteorite which fell at Estherville, Iowa, on May 10, 1879, should be placed apart for the phenomena of its fall, especially the force of penetration of its fragments into the ground, and for the mode of association of its mineral constituents.

AN Italian Antarctic expedition is proposed by Lieut. Bova, who was one of the officers under Nordenskjold on the Vega. It is to sail in the spring of 1881, and touch at Monte Video, Terra del Fuego, Falkland, and South Shetland Islands, and, proceeding in a southwestwardly direction, commence explorations, expecting to be engaged for two winters in the Antarctic region, and return by way of Hobart Town. The expenses are estimated at 600,000 lire.

AN instrument called the stathmograph, for recording the speed of railway trains, has been invented by a German mechanician at Cassel, and works so well that the Prussian Government is about to test it on some of the State lines. A dial in view of the engineer enables him to ascertain the velocity of the locomotive at any moment, and the changes of speed are graphically represented upon a roll of paper, which can be studied at the end of the journey.

A FEW years ago Herr Kolbe suggested dringing-water used on long voyages might be preserved from corruption by means of a little salicylic acid, and this was supported by laboratory experiments. Afterward experiments were made on a large scale on board ships without success, and when the water was examined not a particle of the acid could be found. What became of the acid is an open question. Herr Kolbe considers that the action of the wood of the cask decomposed the salicylic acid.

SOMEWHAT in these words an English scientific journal introduces the following suggestion: They propose to light the whole of London by means of a great central light-house. Suppose a circular tower, say 1,000 feet or more, with galleries at intervals of one hundred feet, and each gallery provided with a series of electric lamps, with reflectors arranged at suitable angles. The light could thus be directed and diffused over the entire metropolis, rendering gas-light unnecessary except in the suburbs. This is the suggestion. Who will carry it into effect?

THE Philosophical Society of Glasgow is to hold an exhibition of gas apparatus on a large scale next autumn, and it is intended, also, to make a display at the same time of the apparatus which will illustrate the progress made in electric lighting, in telephonic communication, in the manufacture of mineral oils, in hydraulic engines, in heating and ventilation, etc. There can be no doubt that this exhibition, taking up, as it means to do, some of the most important problems to which man's attention is given at present, will prove of great service to those who have to deal practically with sanitary appliances.

ACCORDING to M. Edmond About there are at least 2,000 pictures in the present French Salon which no dealer would show in his shop. Within the last twenty years the number of pictures hung has doubled, without art reaping much advantage. M. Paul Parfait gives us an amusing description of some previous Salons. That of Year IX (1801), contained only 485 works of all descriptions, instead of, as to-day, 7,289. M. Callet exhibited a magnificent canvas symbolical of the 18th Brumaire, of which the centre was occupied by the vessel of the State, which was represented as having safely entered port and as moored with a chain of laurel wreaths. The British leopard, too, was displayed on it vainly lavishing guineas on expiring monsters, and Discord was flying before the dawning rays of a luminary doing duty for a new era.

Educational Gifts.

Do not Americans appreciate education? Here is a list of their benfactions: $1,300,000 by Mr. Simmons, of Boston, for the industrial education of women; $1,000,000 by Daniel Drew, to endow a theological seminary, to which Abel Menand adds $100,000 more "for the education of women for the ministry;" $200,000 by Erastus Corning, for a female college; $400,000 by Robert Barnes, of Indiana, for the education of orphans in the State; $100,000 by Orange Judd, the agricultural-book publisher, for scientific department in Wesleyan University; $60,000 by Cyrus McCormick, the reaper, for the theological seminary at Chicago; $100,000 by Daniel Appleton the book publisher, for the Chancellorship and library in New York University; $100,000 by Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston, to Harvard University; $100,000 by Chauncey Rose, of Terre Haute, Ind., for a female college; $100,000 by Henry Sage, of Brooklyn, N. Y., for a female college building at Cornell University; $500,000 by Mr. Shaw, of St. Louis, for park and botanic garden; $200,000 by Mr. Pardee, of Pennsylvania, for scientific department at Lafayette College, at Easton, Pa.; $75,000 by Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, N. Y., for a library building at Rochester University; $50,000 by the Rev. Jesse T. Peck to the new university at Syracuse, N. Y., which has been increased by other citizens to a million and a half; $150,000 by Samuel Williston for educational purposes in Easthampton, Mass.

Fool Friends.

Nothing hurts a man, nothing hurts a party so terribly as fool friends.

A fool friend is the sewer of bad news, of slander and all base and unpleasant things.

A fool friend always knows every mean thing that has been said against you and against the party.

He always knows where your party is losing, and the other is making large gains.

He always tells you of the good luck your enemy has had.

He implicitly believes every story against you, and kindly suspects your defense.

A fool friend is always full of a kind of stupid candor.

He is so candid that he always believes the statements of any enemy.

He never suspects anything on your side.

Nothing pleases him like being shocked by horrible news concerning some good man.

He never denies a lie unless it is in your favor.

He is always finding fault with his party, and is continually begging pardon for not belonging to the other side.

He is frightfully anxious that all his candidates should stand well with the opposition.

He is forever seeing the faults of his party and the virtues of the other.

He generally shows his candor by scratching his ticket.

He always searches every nook and corner of his conscience to find a reason for deserting a friend or a principle.

In the moment of victory he is magnanimously on your side. In defeat he consoles you by repeating prophesies made after the event.

The fool friend regards your reputation as common property, and as common prey for all the vultures, hyenas and jackals.

He takes a sad pleasure in your misfortunes.

He forgets his principles to gratify your enemies.

He forgives your maligner and slanderer with all his heart.

He is so friendly that you cannot kick him.

He generally talks for you, but always bets the other way.—*Col. Ingersoll in the National Illustrated Weekly.*

Growth of the Earth.

The millions of aerolites descending upon the earth as an everlasting shower over all its surface prove that the earth is growing; the gradual rise of its oceans prove the fact, and the great truth is also demonstrated by the bottoms of all these oceans, according to their various depths, constantly getting filled up by primary formations. In short, the universal law of terrestrial growth is demonstrated by every shell upon the shore, which, by its formation, is just that much permanently added to the bulk. But sinking into the bowels of the earth as deep as man can reach proves the growth of the earth far more strongly than all the facts and words which are available on the momentous question; for no matter how far down, every inch of the descent was once the surface, however low it may now be out of sight, by the accumulation of creative increase over it since the time. Thus, so far as we have been enabled to penetrate, and the rule holds good over every part of its surface, we find the strata, however deep we may descend, all lying, as to time, in the order of their formation. They can not be otherwise, as no convulsions of nature could reverse the position of one stratum by superimposing it upon another. If we sink down through the strata to the depth of, say, a thousand yards, we pass through the works of several geological epochs, the first one that on which the drift of the deluge rests, the latest formation, the next—if in the sinking there is no missing link—a step in time earlier, and so on in succession, until we reach the lowest stratum at the depth mentioned, the oldest one in the series. There it is just where it was deposited, then on the surface of the earth, perhaps more than 1,000,000 years ago, while all the others have been in latter times superimposed in their respective geological epochs, up to the surface. There is another such epochal formation going on and getting thicker under all oceans since the present continental features of the globe arose, which will yet be dry land, and will be the latest formation for the geologists of the remote future.—*Colburn's Magazine.*

The True Wife.

Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide, as if drawn by an invisible tow line with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfurled, her streamers drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on, stately, in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam tug untwined her arms and left the ship, it would wallow and roll away, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the effluent tide no man knows where; and so I have known more than one genius high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, but for the bare toiling arm and brave warm heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close to him so that no wind or wave could part them, he would have gone down with the stream and been heard of no more.—*O. W. Holmes.*

Accomplished Beerists.

A Pomeranian Lieutenant of Landwehr cavalry and a Silesian student, giants in stature and bulk, stalked into Landvogt's restaurant in Berlin, one afternoon in March, and called in stentorian tones for respective mugs of Pilsener and Munchener beer. Of the foaming contents of these vessels they promptly disposed by the so-called "cow-swallow" method. When they called for their bill some three hours and a half later, it was found that the Pomeranian Lieutenant had absorbed sixty-seven pints of beer, while his Silesian fellow-soaker had only succeeded in furnishing accommodation for fifty-four

WAIFS AND WHIMS.

A WORD with business men—settle.

IRON affected by fog is mist rusted.

A MULE is tame enough in front, but awfully wild behind.

A LITTLE cider now and then is relished by the best of men.

THE man who can't remember that he was ever a boy is entirely ripe for the harvest.

STARCH is said to be explosive. It causes explosion in the family when the old man finds it has been left out of his collars.

A BOSTON paper says the conductor of a street-car in that city took 900 fares last Sunday, but is entirely silent as to how many the company got.

THE Crown Prince of Germany gets more puffing over giving a $3 fiddle to a blind boy than an American does over leaving $40,000 to an orphan asylum.

THERE is a fortune in store for the milliner who shall devise a bonnet that can be worn in any part of a church and always present its trimmed side to the congregation.

A POULTRY authority says that "chickens should have an ample range." It depends upon the number of chickens. A little chicken will broil pretty well over a very small stove.

MANY persons who rake through another's character with a fine-tooth comb, to discover a fault, could find one with less trouble by going over their own character with a horse-rake.

IT costs more than a hundred millions of dollars annually to keep the fences of this country in repair. Now, gentlemen, get off the fence and stay off till after election, and save your country a few millions of this outlay.

GROWN-UP sister—"Oh, Charley, if you must go away can't you introduce me to one of your school-fellows, to look after me till you come back?" Charley—"Oh no, it wouldn't do! It would be too rough on a fellow to fag him out like that."—*Punch.*

SOMEBODY who appears to know how fashionable schools are managed, says: "To educate young ladies is to let them know all about the ogies, omenies, the ifics, the tics and the mistics; but nothing about the ings, such as sewing, darning, washing, baking and making pudding."

"I SAY, mister, this is a double seat, and you can't lay over it in that way," said a stand-up passenger in a crowded car to another passenger who was making himself too much at home. "Can't lay over the seat?" echoed the loafer. "Bet your life I can. See here, I have a lay over check from the conductor, and it is good."

A YOUNG lady received the following note, accompanied by a bouquet of flowers: Dear ——, I send you bi the boy a bucket of flours. This is like my love for u. The nite shade menes kepe dark. The dog fenil menes I am your slave. Rosis red and posis pail, my love for you shal never fale."

THE flowing reporter who wrote, with reference to a well-known belle, "Her dainty feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for fairy boots," tied his wardrobe up in a handkerchief and left for parts unknown when it appeared the next morning: "Her dirty feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for ferry boats."

A YOUNG lady who is studying French lately wrote to her parents that she was invited to a *dejeuner* the day before, and was going to a *fete champetre* the next day. The professor of the college was surprised to receive a dispatch from the "old man" a day or two after saying: "If you don't keep my daughter away from these menageries and side shows, I will come down and see what ails her."

IT is amusing to watch a slim man weigh himself. He steps on to the platform as an elephant steps upon a bridge, with an awful fear of breaking the thing down, and then puts the three-hundred-pound weight on the end of the beam. Of course he takes it off again, but he does this unostentatiously. Having found that he weighs, say, one hundred and twenty, if you watch him carefully you will see him slide the weight along to one hundred and seventy-five. "By George!" he will exclaim as he goes out, "I've lost ten pounds since last week." He doesn't say how much he weighs now; if you wish to know, there is the scale. He knows you will look.

Armies of the World.

The following table, which has been carefully compiled, shows the regular army, the annual cost of the same, and the cost per head of all the principal nations of the world:

COUNTRIES.	Regular Army.	Annual Cost of Army.	Cost Per Head.
Austria-Hungary	296,218	$ 50,628,000	$ 1.35
Argentine Republic	8,283	*4,514,018	2.49
Belgium	46,277	8,787,900	1.84
Bolivia	4,022	1,126,916	.96
Brazil	16,500	10,862,496	.97
Canada	3,000	1,013,944	.37
Chili	3,510		
China	700,000		
Colombia	2,600	288,000	.16
Denmark	38,703	2,466,109	1.36
Egypt	62,920	*4,462,532	.30
France	470,600	100,007,229	2.70
Germany	419,559	92,973,403	2.16
Great Britain	113,730	66,161,015	1.90
Greece	12,307	1,494,800	1.02
India, British	58,170	78,875,960	.40
Italy	199,577	37,983,758	1.26
Japan	36,380	7,506,000	.31
Luxembourg	513	100,480	.49
Mexico	22,387	*10,554,745	1.12
Netherlands	41,803	10,266,000	2.05
Norway	12,780	1,480,780	.81
Persia	26,400	3,400,000	.56
Peru	13,200		
Portugal	38,780	4,349,928	1.07
Roumania	130,158	3,810,198	.65
Russia	797,900	144,215,615	1.99
Servia	14,150	999,120	.83
Spain	220,000	49,166,491	2.97
Sweden	34,496	5,379,948	.89
Switzerland	106,102	2,419,218	.97
Turkey	157,687	34,783,086	2.38
United States	26,914	27,082,736	.95
Uruguay	4,000	*2,364,100	8.51
Venezuela	5,484		

*Army and navy.

"I ONLY want to show you one thing more, Professor. I have invented a short method of boring mountains which I think will prove very valuable." "My dear sir," burst forth the wearied listener, "if you would only invent a short method of boring individuals you would indeed confer a lasting benefit upon the race."

EVERY man who has become President of the United States has been elected during a leap year. This is something for the girls to wonder over.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1880.

[Entered as second-class matter at the Pos Office at Salem, N. C.]

THE DEMOCRATS OF FORSYTH IN COUNCIL.

Every Township Represented.

Five Hundred People Present.

On Tuesday afternoon Brown's Hall was full of enthusiastic Democrats, met in convention to nominate county candidates. T. J. Valentine was appointed *Chairman* and the Editors of the Democratic papers of the county appointed Secretaries.

Every township was largely represented, and it is estimated that over 500 citizens witnessed the proceedings.

Robah Kerner, in a neat address presented the name of W. B. Glenn of Forsyth, for Senate from this district, composed of Stokes and Forsyth. He was nominated by acclamation.

J. G. Hill was nominated for the Sheriff by acclamation.

D. P. Mast was nominated for Register of Deeds, without opposition.

M. H. Morris was nominated for Surveyor without opposition.

The various townships retired and after consultation, the vote was taken with the following result:

For Senate: W. B. Glenn; For House of Commons: R. C. Linville; For Sheriff: J. G. Hill; For Register of Deeds: D. P. Mast; For Treasurer: Chas. Ogburn; For Surveyor: M. H. Morris; For Coroner: H. R. Lehman.

Davie County Democratic Convention.

Meets Saturday the 4th of September 1880, 12 o'clock, m., at the Court-Honse in Mocksville.

Democratic Township Conventions will meet on Saturday, 28th of August, 1880, at 12 o'clock, m., at the following places:

Mocksville Township.—Mocksville, Oak-Grove. Fulton Township.—Shady Grove, Fork Church. Farmington Township.—Farmington, Smith Grove. Jerusalem Township.—Jerusalem. Calahan Township.—Calahan, Clarksville Township.—Clarksville.

Ballotting for five delegates from each township to the County Convention, and for candidates for the various nominations will begin at 12 o'clock, m., and will continue till sun down.

—To the exclusion of other political matter, we this week publish the celebrated Hancock–Sherman letter, which was so vehemently called for by the Republicans. They have been hoisted by their own petard. It is a singular feature in the campaign thus far that most of the evidence against the Republican candidates comes out of their own mouths, or through their endeavors to fasten odium upon others.

SEVENTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.—The Convention assembled at Yadkinville on the 5th inst. There was a very large attendance and considerable excitement manifested. Each party struggled manfully for success in that vehement and earnest manner which characterizes all closely contested action. On the first hallot Robbins had 7½ and Armfield 6½. According to the ruling of the Convention, it required 7½ to nominate. C. B. Watson, of Winston, was put in nomination and on the 3d ballot received 5 votes. Mr. Clement was nominated, and on the 5th ballot Col. Armfield was nominated, which was afterwards made unanimous. We congratulate Mr. Watson on the high compliment paid him by the Convention.

T. F. Klutz, of Rowan, was chosen District Elector.

We have full confidence in Mr. Armfield, and all the Democrats have to do now is to give him a rousing majority in November. There is no better or truer man than our candidate.

—Gen. Hancock's letter of acceptance, published last week without comment, is so good that it leaves little to be said. It is one of those rare productions, short and to the point, that meet with a favorable reception everywhere. It shows him a friend to law and order, and the supremacy of the civil over the military power. He favors a government of the people, from the people, and by the people.

Mr. English's letter is full of patriotism, and takes a statesmanlike view of our national affairs which is quite refreshing in these days of corruption in high places. The people can rest assured that we have men, good and true, on the Democratic ticket, and we have but to do our duty to gain a glorious victory in November next.

—Rev. C. L. Rights has returned from his Western tour, and no doubt our readers will miss his interesting letters of travel. Hope he will have time to give us his views of the Western country he visited.

—Col. J. R. Winston, editor of the Greensboro *Beacon*, spoke in behalf of the Greenback party, in the Court-house on Tuesday of last week.

—The Republicans of the 7th Congressional District met in Convention in Yadkinville on the 7th inst., and nominated D. M. Furches, of Iredell, as their candidate for Congress, and Dr. Ramsay, of Rowan, for District Elector. It is a singular coincidence that Iredell county is the residence of both the Congressional aspirants, and Rowan of the two Electors.

—The Democrats of the 5th Congressional District have renominated Hon. A. M. Scales for Congress, and Hon. F. C. Robbins, of Davidson, District elector.

—Rockingham County Convention nominated H. R. Scott for the Senate, and J. R. Webster and Jas. D. Glenn for the House. John E. Johnston for Sheriff; Jas. W. Reed, Treasurer; R. J. Lewellyn, Register; E. W. Hancock, Surveyor; J. J. Mitchell, Coroner.

The Stokes County Convention nominated R. G. Glenn for the House, and recommended W. B. Glenn, of Winston, for the Senate. Sheriff, Thos. Martin; Register, J. G. H. Mitchell; Surveyor, Gideon George.

Dr. Tanner succeeded in fasting forty days, coming out all right, but weak and emaciated, of course. He is still under care of the doctors, who see to the regularity of his diet.

The Lenoir *Topic* has an account of G. W. Thompson, of Watauga County, who, in 1877, became insane on the subject of religion, and said the Lord had commanded him to abstain from eating for a certain length of time, and nothing could tempt him to eat any thing. On the 45th day of his fast he died.

HANCOCK TO SHERMAN.

WORDS WORTHY OF THE GREAT SOLDIER-STATESMAN.

ONE OF HIS LETTERS TO GEN. SHERMAN—WHAT HE THOUGHT OF THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN 1876—HIS OPINION OF INAUGURATING PRESIDENTS, &c.

* * * The army should have nothing to do with the election or the inauguration of Presidents. The people elect the President and Congress declares in joint session who he is. We of the army have only to obey his mandates, and are protected in so doing only so far as they may be lawful. Our Commissioners express that. I like Jefferson's way of inauguration. It suits our system. He rode alone on horseback to the Capitol (I fear it was the old capitol), tied his horse to a rail fence, entered, and was duly sworn; he then rode to the executive mansion, and took possession. He inaugurated himself simply by taking the oath of office. There is no other legal inauguration in our system.

The people or politicians may institute parades in honor of the event, and public officials may add to the pageant by assembling troops and banners, but all that only comes properly after the inauguration, not before. And it is not a part of it. Our system does not provide that one President should inaugurate another. There might be danger in that, and it was studiously left out of the charter. But you are placed in an exceptionally important position in connection with coming events. The capitol is in my jurisdiction also, but I am a subordinate and not on the spot, and if I were so, also, would be my superior in authority, for, there is the station of the general-in-chief. On the principle that a regularly elected President's term of office expires with the third of March, (of which I have not the slightest doubt), and which the laws bearing on the subject uniformly recognize, and in consideration of the possibility that the lawfully elected President may not appear until the 5th of March, a great deal of responsibility may necessarily fall upon you. You hold over. You will have power and prestige to support you. The Secretary of War, too, probably holds over, but if no President appears, he may not be able to exercise functions in the name of the President, for his proper acts are those of a known superior. A lawful President, you act on your own responsibility, and by virtue of a commission only restricted by the law. The Secretary of War is a mouth-piece of a President. You are not. If neither candidate has a constitutional majority of the Electoral College, or the Senate and House, on the occasion of the count, do not unite in declaring some person legally elected by the people, there is lawful machinery already provided to meet that contingency and decide the question peacefully. It has not been recently used, no occasion presenting itself, but our forefathers provided it. It has been exercised and has been submitted to as lawful on every hand. That machinery would probably elect Mr. Tilden President, and Mr. Wheeler Vice President. That would be right enough, for the law provides that in failure to elect duly by the people the House shall immediately elect a President, and the Senate a Vice President. Some tribunal must decide whether the people have duly elected a President. I presume, of course, that it is in a joint affirmative action of the Senate and House, or why are they present to witness the count if not to see that it is fair and just? If a failure to agree arises between the two bodies, there can be no lawful affirmative decision that the people have elected a President, and the House must then proceed to act, not the Senate. The Senate elects the Vice Presidents, not the Presidents. Doubtless, in case of failure by the House to elect a President by the fourth of March, the President of the Senate (if there be one) would be the legitimate person to exercise the presidential authority for the time being, or until the appearance of a lawful President or for the time laid down in the constitution. Such courses would be peaceful, and, I have a firm belief, lawful. I have no doubt Gov. Hayes would make an excellent President. I have met him and know of him. For a brief period he served under my command, but as the matter stands, I can't see any likelihood of his being duly declared elected by the people, unless the Senate and House come to be in accord as to that fact, and the House would, of course, not otherwise elect him. What the people want is a peaceful determination of this matter; as fair a determination as possible, and a lawful one. No other determination could stand the test. The country, if not plunged into a revolution, would become poorer day by day, business would languish, and our bonds would come home to find a depreciated market. I was not in favor of the military action in South Carolina recently, and if Gen. Ruger had telegraphed to me, or asked for advice I would have advised him not, under any circumstances, to allow himself or his troops to determine who were the lawful members of a State Legislature. I could not have given him better advice than to refer him to the special message of the President in the case of Louisiana some time before. But in South Carolina he had the question settled by a decision of the Supreme Court of the State—the highest tribunal which had acted on the question—so that his line of duty seemed even to be clearer than in the action of the Louisiana case. If the Federal Court had interfered and overruled the decision of the State Court, there might have been a doubt certainly, but the Federal Court only interfered to complicate, not to decide or overrule. Anyhow it is no business of the army to enter upon such questions, and even if it might be so in any event, if the civil authority is supreme, as the constitution declares it to be, the South Carolina case was one in which the army had a plain duty. Had Gen. Ruger asked me for advice, and if I had given it, I should of course have notified you of my action immediately, so that it could have been promptly overruled if it should have been deemed advisable by you or any superior in authority. Gen. Ruger did not ask my advice, and I inferred from that and other facts that he did not desire it, or that being in direct communication with my military superiors at the seat of government, who were nearer to him in time and distance than I was, he deemed it unnecessary. As Gen. Ruger had the ultimate responsibility of action, and had really the greater danger to confront in the final action in the matter, I did not venture to embarrass him by suggestions. He was a department commander, and the lawful head of the military administration within the limits of the department, but besides, I knew that he had been called to Washington for consultation before taking command. I knew that he was in direct communication with my superiors in authority in reference to the delicate subjects presented for his consideration, or had ideas of his own which he believed to be sufficiently in accord with the views of our common superiors to enable him to act intelligently, according to his judgment, and without suggestions from those not on the spot, and not as fully acquainted with all the facts as himself. He desired, too, to be free to act as he had eventual greater responsibility, and so the matter was governed as between him and myself. As I have been writing thus freely to you, I may still further unbosom myself by stating that I have not thought it lawful or wise to use Federal troops in such matters as have transpired east of the Mississippi within the last few months, save so far as they may be brought into action under an article of the constitution which contemplates meeting armed resistance or invasion of a State more powerful than the State authorities can subdue by ordinary processes, and then only when requested by the Legislature, or if it could not be convened in session by the Governor, and when the President of the United States intervenes in that manner, it is a state of war—not peace. The army is laboring under disadvantages, and has been used unlawfully at times in the judgment of the people, (in mine certainly) and we have lost a great deal of kindly feeling which the community at large once felt for us. It is time to stop and unload. Officers in command of troops often find it difficult to act wisely and safely when their superiors in authority have different views of the law from theirs, and when legislation has sanctioned the action seemingly in conflict with the fundamental law, and they generally defer to the known judgment of their superior officers of the army, who are so regarded in a great crisis, and are held to such responsibility, especially those at or near the head of it, that it is necessary, on such momentous occasions, to dare to determine for themselves what is lawful and what is not lawful under our system, if the military authorities should be invoked,—as might possibly be the case in such exceptional times—when there existed such divergent views as to the correct result. The army will suffer from its past action, if it has acted wrongfully. Our regular army has little hold upon the affections of the people of to-day, and its superior officers should certainly, as far as lies in their power, legally and with righteous intent, aid to defend the right, which to us, is the laws and the institution which they represent. It is a well meaning institution, and it would be well if it should have an opportunity to be recognized as a bulwark in support of the rights of the people and of the law.

I am, truly yours,

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.

To General Wm. T. Sherman, Commanding United States Army, Washington, D. C.

Disaster to British Troops in Afghanistan.

Reports indicate that a brigade of British troops consisting of about 2,000 men, under Gen. Burrows, have met with a severe disaster in the vicinity of Candahar, Afghanistan. For some days the Afghan troops uuder the command of Ayoub Khan, the aspirant to the Ameership, have menaced the English position. The Afghan forces are estimated at between 12,000 and 15,000 men, and in consequence of the desertion of a large body of native troops from the British lines, Gen. Burrows had been compelled to retreat to Candahar.

The British invaded Afghanistan ostensibly because an embassy was not permitted to enter the capital, and they are now anxious to create an Ameer with the distinct understanding that he will never be obliged to have any embassy of the kind in Cabul. Sixty thousand men have been employed in arduous campaigns, and from $75,000,000 to $100,000,000 have been expended for no purpose save to excite the resentment and hatred of the Afghans.

The London *Times* has the following from Candahar, Aug. 2, Inland or European Telegraph Company via Tehevank: "On the morning of July 27th, Gen. Burrows engaged Ayoub Khan's force of 12,000 men and 20 guns, 50 miles beyond Candahar. After four hours severe fighting Gen. Burrows was repulsed and forced to retreat to Candahar—British loss 20 officers, 400 Europeans and 800 natives killed and missing, most of the losses occurring in retreat. Three horse-artillery guns were abandoned. Preparations are making for siege in Candahar. We learn for the first time that Burrows was the assailant, and as Afghans do not take prisoners we fear all the missing may be reckoned as killed. The upshot of the story is that out of 2,400 not more than half (some of whom were wounded) followed Gen. Burroughs into Candahar."

In the House of Commons on Tuesday last, Marquis Lord Hartington, Secretary of State for India, announced that the British agent at Quetta telegraphs, under date of the 2d inst., that Ayoub Khan has marched to Merkabez and detailed a force for attack on Choman Choki. In the House of Lords Earl Granville, Foreign Secretary, announced that the Viceroy of India had telegraphed that a powerful force has been ordered to march to Candahar.

—Last week we noticed the killing of Uriah Phelps by A. W. Click. It now turns out that Click was a habitual somnambulist, and dreaming that they were attacked by the negroes, arose in his sleep, seized the axe and cut Phelp's head off, then went down stairs, where he awoke, and remembering his dream started back to bed, when he discovered what he had done while asleep.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever made.

A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters makes the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.

No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.

To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use the Bitters at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer nor let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "Invalids Friend and Hope," and no person or family should be without them.

Get some this day.

Mor Coven Oyers is the sweetest, safest and best Ask Children.

One Hop Pad for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is superior to all others. Ask Druggists.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistable cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co. Rochester, N. Y. Send for Circular.

HINSHAW BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GRASS SEEDS, "STAR BRAND FERTILIZERS," GRAIN, PROVISIONS, &c.,

WINSTON, N. C.

Mr. F. A Miller, South Eork Township, Forsyth county, N. C., writes July 6th, 1880: My lands are light grey, not good for wheat. Two years ago I sowed, but my wheat was so trifling that I did not cut it. This year I sowed the same lands and put one sack of the Star Brand Wheat manure per acre and reaped about ten bushels good wheat per acre. The fertilizer made it do all it did. I got my wheat in too late and it was thin from pasturing. I am arranging to use one ton Star Brand this fall on wheat and am glad to be able to recommend it to my neighbor farmers.

Rev. T. S. Ring, Kernersville, Forsyth county, N. C., writes, July 7th, 1880: I have used the Star Brand Wheat manure the last two years; the first year it was entirely satisfactory, the last year my wheat suffered the blight of the season, but this could not be attributed to any fault of the fertilizer, for it was as good again as the same quality of land sowed at the same time, which was not fertilized.

VALUE OF GRASS.—Mr. Jesse Morris, of Walkertown, Forsyth county, N. C., writes July 7th, 1880: I would not be without my little spots of Orchard grass and clover, which I have had in for thirty years for thirty dollars a year and there is hardly one-half an acre of it. I am old now but I wish I could persuade the young folks to try this grass; it will prevent washing and make the ground rich where you sow it.

H. C. Edwards, Kernersville, N. C., writes, July 15th, 1880: I used twelve sacks Star Brand fertilizer on fifteen acres of wheat sown on very thin land. I made a good crop; it more than doubled the yield and I have a good stand of clover on the land. I think it paid me very well to use it.

J. S. Harmon, Esq., Kernersville, N. C., writes, July 15th, 1880: I used the Star Brand fertilizer on my wheat crop last fall, it filled all my expectations: it did well, and I want more this fall. I also used it on my vines and they are doing excellent. It is a good fertilizer and I can recommend it.

E. W. Culler, Esq., Culler Stokes county, N. C., writes July 13th, 1880: I used the Star Brand White manure on my wheat crop last fall, at the rate of 200 pounds to the acre, on red land; harrowed it in with the wheat. The wheat grew well; matured perfectly and the fertilizer increased the yield more than one hundred per cent. I have a first rate stand of clover on the land which is growing nicely.

TO WHEAT GROWERS.

PREPARED ESPECIALLY FOR WHEAT AND TO PROMOTE THE GROWTH OF GRASS AND CLOVER.

WE again offer this *first-class Fertilizer* to Wheat Growers as being, in all respects, worthy of their patronage. It has stood the test of *twelve* years' use among us, and has been brought to its present admirable condition only by the liberal expenditure of labor and money in a continuous effort to improve. Its standard and uniformity are guaranteed.

The result of its application to the wheat crop for the past *twelve* years has proved it to be equal to any fertilizer ever sold in the United States. During this time thousands of tons of it have been used by the farmers of Virginia and North Carolina with highly satisfactory results.

We recommend it because:—

It is rich in Soluble Phosphate and Ammonia.
It affords a constant supply of plant food.
It contains no inert matter.
It insures a stand of grass or clover.
It is an improver and renovater of worn-out lands.
It is fine, dry, and in the best condition for drilling.

It contains an ample quantity of all the elements necessary to make wheat, and a large surplus which will show itself upon the clover and grass, and in the improvement of the land.

It is prepared from the best and most approved materials, in the most careful and thorough manner, and under our personal supervision.

Its standard and uniformity are guaranteed.

Whatever may be the merits of other fertilizers, no one can go wrong in using one which is so well made, is so fully guanteed, and has been so long and so thoroughly tested.

APPLICATION.

We recommend the application of from 100 to 300 pounds per acre—*drilled* in with the wheat, if practicable. If the drill is not used, the land should be ploughed and *harrowed* until fine and free from clods, and the wheat and guano harrowed in, following with the roller. This mixes the manure with the soil, and keeps it near the surface just where the roots of the wheat will find it easiest. When sowed on land ploughed but not harrowed, much of the guano goes down in the openings between the furrow slices, and does little or no good.

ALLISON & ADDISON,

Manufacturers and Proprietors of the "Star Brand" Complete manures,

RICHMOND, VA.

Mr. J. T. Lewis, Walkertown, Forsyth Co, N. C., writes, July 1st, 1880: "Messrs Hinshaw Bros., Winston, N. C., I used two sacks of flour of Bone on my Wheat last fall, and it acted like a charm. I will say that I used two sacks of the Star Brand Wheat Manure, and that it done more than the Bone."

Mr. R. F. Linville, Winston, N. C., writes July 7th, 1880: "I used three sacks of Star Brand Wheat Manure, bought of Hinshaw Bros., last fall. My wheat grew well all winter, and was promising and I was hopeful of a heavy yield, but my crop was greatly injured by the late freeze in the spring, causing a sort of second growth which growth made the wheat, or the most of it. I find no fault with the manure. Aim to use it this fall on my wheat crop, and on a piece of land I want to make rich and sow in Orchard Grass and Clover for meadow and for feeding grass."

Mr. R. W. Hedgecock, Winston, N. C., writes, July 7th, 1880: "I used Star Brand Wheat Manure on my wheat crop last fall which was sown on old field, it grew rank and fine, and notwithstanding a late hard freeze hurt it badly. I made more than an average crop. I expect to use five bags this fall on my wheat and sow Orchard Grass and Clover with the wheat.

C. W. L. Neal, of Belews' Creek, Forsyth Co., N. C., writes July 1st, 1880: "I am highly pleased with Star Brand Wheat Manure I bought of Messrs. Hinshaw Bros. last fall. Had it not been for the rust on my wheat it would have done all that it was recommended to do. I am going to use it again this fall."

Dr. L. G Hunt, Huntsville, Yadkin Co., N. C., writes June 30th, 1880: "I used two sacks of the Star Brand Wheat Manure last fall. The crop doubled itself. The land on which I used the Star Brand would not, within itself, yielded five bushels to the acre, but by the use of the Star Brand I got ten bushels to one sowing of good plump wheat. I am going to use it again this fall."

Hon. W. A. Lowery, of Middle Fork Township, Forsyth county, N. C., writes, July 5th, 1880: "My lands are mostly red, but rather a loose red, moderately good for wheat, I have used various kinds of fertilizers for wheat, and have found none that has given me greater satisfaction than the Star Brand Wheat manure, manufactured by Messrs. Allison & Addison, Richmond Va., I have used it for the last two years, and shall use it again this fall. I take pleasure in recommending it to all who desire a good fertilizer for wheat, grass and clover."

JOHN GATLING, President, W. H. CROW, Vice-President
W. S. PRIMROSE, Secretary and Treasurer,
P. COWPER Adjuster and Supervisor.

NORTH CAROLINA

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,

RALEIGH, N. C.

INSURES ALL CLASSES OF Insurable Property, Against Loss or Damage by Fire,

On the Most Reasonable Terms.

Losses Promptly Adjusted and Paid.

Encourage Home Institutions.

J. W. BEARD, Agent, at Kernersville, N. C.
J. A. LINEBACK, Agent, at Salem, N. C.

NOTION & VARIETY STORE,

SALEM, N. C

REMOVED TO THE BELO BUILDING.

LADIES:

Anticipating a fine trade this season, we have bought largely, and now have the pleasure of inviting your attention to

AN ATTRACTIVE SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK

at prices surprisingly cheap.

A beautiful line of Galloon and Hercules Braids, Ball and other Worsted Fringes, so much in demand for Cloak and Dress Trimmings.

Newest styles in Buttons, Gloves, Hosiery, Ribbons, Laces, Neckwear, &c.

A full line of Zephyrs, Germantown and Shetland Wools always on hand.

Have just added to our Stock a nice line of Perfumeries, Hair Oils, &c.

We call particular attention to our beautiful line of Glass and Lava Ware, suitable for Christmas and Birthday presents *just received*, consisting of Toilet Setts, Vases, Card Stands

Those at a distance will be amply repaid by a to our Store.

In the selection of Goods the interest of the customer is kept constantly in view, knowing that taking care of those who buy of us is equivalent to taking care of ourselves, that is, winning our customers' confidence and their continued patronage.

Respectfully,

April 1880 J. BLICKENDERFER

THE BEST FERTILIZERS ARE ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST!

—AND—

The Unanimous Testimony of Prominent Farmers

SHOWS THAT

The Pacific Co's Wheat Fertilizer

IS THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

The testimony is that it increases the yield 50 to 75 per cent.

FOR SALE BY

REED BRO'S., Agents,

Near Depot, Winston, N. C.,

Who will supply copies of testimonials from well known farmers in North Carolina and Virginia.

NEW GOODS

AT THE OLD STAND OF F. FRIES,

SALEM, N. C.

IN ORDER TO SUPPLY THE INCREASING DEMAND FOR GOODS AT THIS OLD ESTABLISHED HOUSE, I have had a buyer in the Northern cities to make selections in person, and now have ready for inspection

A FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK,

to which I invite the attention of my old

Wholesale and Retail Customers,

and all who may wish to buy.

The stock is FULL in every branch, including

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Crockery, Glassware, &c., &c.

It would be too tedious to enumerate all the attractions, but would particularly call attention to the fine selection of SHAWLS, DRESS GOODS, PLAIDS, OPERA, RED AND WHITE FLANNELS, REPELLANTS, CASHMERES, NOTIONS, GENTLEMEN'S & LADIES' FINE MERINO UNDERWEAR, ZIEGLER & BROTHER'S HAND SEWED BOOTS, AND LADIES' FINE SHOES.

I will also sell, as heretofore, the Goods of F. & H. FRIES, HOLT'S, RANDLEMAN'S AND CONCORD PLAIDS. Also the different brands of RANDOLPH SHEETINGS at FACTORY PRICES.

I have the agency for the sale of J. & P. COAT'S CELEBRATED SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON, at PHILADELPHIA PRICES. This thread is acknowledged to have no superior in the market.

I also continue the agency of the justly celebrated

AVERY PLOWS,

which have, by numerous trials, proved to be superior to any heretofore introduced in this section. In addition to their excellence, the price should induce every farmer to buy them.

Give me a call, and I will satisfy you that I intend to sell you

A GOOD BARGAIN

in anything I have to offer, as I have bought exclusively for CASH, thereby giving my customers the benefit of all cash discounts, and will sell my goods at a very short profit.

Salem, N. C., Oct. 23, 1879. H. W. FRIES.

For CHEAP BOOKS

GO TO THE SALEM BOOKSTORE.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1880.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Special Notice.—Persons wishing to have printing well done, will please call at the PRESS office. We can print as *cheap* as the *cheapest*.

—In this month there are five Sundays, five Mondays and five Tuesdays.

—Misses A. and L. Van Vleck are visiting at Gen. Poindexter's.

—Don't forget, the Salem Bookstore is the best place to get *good books* cheap.

—Mrs. O. A. Keehln and family are visiting Chas. F. Bahnson, at Farmington, Davie county.

—Fifty-one entries were made at the late New Garden Fruit Fair. None from this immediate neighborhood.

—Inferior Court is in session this week, with a full docket. Nothing of much importance up to Wednesday.

—We would direct attention to the sale of that valuable property in Waughtown, belonging to the heirs of J. P. Nissen, deceased.

—We learn from the Danville, Va. *Times* that Lynn street Methodist Sunday School, of that place, will excurt to Winston on the 17th.

—Wash Tesh inaugurated a lime water bath by plunging into the lime vat at Fries' tan-yard, on Wednesday, of last week. It was accidental though.

—H. S. Crist is having the paint brush applied to his dwelling. H. Minung is painting his residence. S. J. Veach has also had his residence neatly painted.

—We learn that the Virginia Midland Extension has been located from Danville to Statesville, but the route has not been stated. Report says it is *via* Winston.

—A negro hand on the material train on the railroad fell from a car at Kernersville crushing his leg that ampatation became necessary which was performed by Dr. Bahnson.

—A negro named Henry Dobson, was arrested by constable Pfohl, accused of robbing the dwelling of Rev. Mr. Redwine, of Davie county, and Mrs. Hane's mill. He is in jail.

—Notwithstanding the unfavorable condition of the weather last Sunday, a large number of persons from this place and Winston, attended the Baptist Association at Waughtown.

—On last Saturday Madison Stewart & Co. finished threshing wheat for this season. They threshed in all about 3,200 bushels. They threshed about 69 crops during the season, averaging 46½ bushels to the crop. Madison Stewart raised about 18 bushels of wheat from a fraction over an acre of ground.

—During an affray at Kernersville, on Tuesday of last week, between George Fores and Henry Gearcy, both negroes, Fores received several stabs in the body and Gearcy was hurt about the head. A gambling quarrel caused the fuss. Fores is said to be improving.

—Beulah Baptist Association, assembled in Waughtown on Friday last. Elder F. M. Jones was chosen *Moderator*, and Elder H. A. Brown, *Secretary*. It was a large and harmonious session. Will give a sketch of proceedings next week, as our columns are overcrowded.

—The Salem Boy's School will open August the 18th. Rev. Prof. Wurreschke will have charge of the High School department. He is an able and successful teacher. The school is now one of the best primary and preparatory Schools in the State. We hope to see a large attendance.

—We were shown a beautiful lamp shade the other day, made by Miss Alice Meller of this place. It is of bristol board, on which are pricked birds, flowers, crosses, &c., and is a finished piece of work, but requires the patience of Job to execute it.

—While talking with an old citizen, the other day, about Dr. Tanner's long fast, he told us that about 30 years ago an old gentleman, named Philip Vogler, living in this county, became deranged, and imagining that everything was poisoned, did not eat any kind of food for four weeks.

—A friend informs us that while at Farmington, Davie county, one day last week, he was shown a twig of a peach tree 18 inches long, on which were 15 fully developed peaches. The tree that the twig came off belongs to Enoch Clouse, Smith Grove.

—On Friday evening last a respectable lady, while going along the railroad to visit some relatives, was accosted by a negro, who seized her and made outrageous demonstrations. Her screams called several persons living near by, to her assistance, when the fiend fled, without accomplishing his object.

—Rev. F. M. Jones, Moderator of the Beulah Baptist Association, and daughter, called on us on Monday last, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Brown, of the Baptist church, Winston. Rev. Mr. Hatcher, of the *Biblical Recorder*, was also in town, and attended the Beulah Association, at Waughtown.

—Siegel's Opera Troupe gave general satisfaction. Mrs. Bernard's singing was excellent, and it is to be regretted that the bad weather prevented so many of our citizens from being present. It is but seldom a first class opera troupe comes among us, and when they do, they should be encouraged to come again.

—A splendid opportunity will be offered our citizens to visit the thriving city of Charlotte, and be in attendance at a Camp Meeting there on the 22nd, by S. F. Donigan, who will run an excursion train from Winston and Salem on the 21st inst., to that place. Will leave Winston on Saturday, 21st at 7 o'clock, P. M. Returning leaves Charlotte at 8 o'clock, P. M., giving excursionists all day Sunday in Charlotte. Fare for the round trip from Winston and Salem only $2.50.

—Mrs. R. L. Patterson and family are at home again.——Miss Lula Fries has returned from the mountains.——Henry E. Fries is again at his business post.——E. A. Pfohl and lady, of the Merchant's Hotel, have returned from Ashe.——J. W. Fries has returned from a business visit to the North.——Rev. Prof. L. B. Wurreschke is at home, after a few week's tour in New York and Pennsylvania.——Prof. D'Anna spent a few days in town and left for Beaufort on Monday.——Miss M. Vogler has returned from the mountains of Virginia.——Capt. J. R. Vogler is at Saratoga.

—One evening, recently, as M. Charles' wife was going to the spring-house, she was bitten on the ankle by a snake. The bite caused her ankle and foot to swell very much, but nothing serious resulted.

—The Magistrates of Davidson county met in the Court House, in Lexington, on the 2d inst., to elect a Board of County Commissioners, and to attend to other county matters. S. S. Jones was elected Chairman, and J. W. Finch Secretary. The number of Commissioners was reduced from five to three. Alfred Hargrave was re-elected Chairman by acclamation. Elisha Raper and S. S. Bailey were re-elected by ballot.—*Exchange.*

—On last Saturday, after the close of the sale at Charles Hoover's, deceased, Messrs. Henderson and Keith, of Lexington, and Chas. Teague, of Forsyth, delivered political speeches to the vast assemblage. During the speaking there was much confusion in the crowd. A few darkies undertook to abuse such persons as they pleased. Liquor and not politics, was the first cause of it. After some trouble the officers succeeded in arresting the disturbers of the peace, and quiet was restored.

—Internal Revenue Collections, Fifth District for the week ending Saturday, Aug. 7th, 1880:—

Monday	$4,016 79
Tuesday	3,810 61
Wednesday	4,380 37
Thursday	3,691 26
Friday	3,284 42
Saturday	5,111 72
Total	$24,295 17

—The Magistrates of Davie County met on the 2nd inst., and elected five County Commissioners instead of three: B. Bailey, Isaac Roberts, N. A. Peebles, Jas. A. Kelly and F. M. Johnson. They also decided to have a County Treasurer. The county is out of debt with about $2,000 in the Treasury. The Tax on Real and Personal property has been reduced from 80 cents to 65 cents on the $100, and the poll tax will be $2. B.

ALMOST A SERIOUS ROW IN WINSTON.—On Saturday afternoon, two colored women indulged in a fight, and of course were arrested, and locked up. Several negro men objected to the arrest, and used threats against the officers, and went so far as to warrant the use of the club on the party by one of the officers. This incensed the darkies, quite a crowd of whom had by this time collected, estimated by some at 100, and threatened to maul the officeas and release the women. They chased one of the officers, and threatened him so that he vamoused. The excitement became intense, and the streets were soon full of citizens. The military appeared under arms which, with the persuasions of the Mayor and others, gradually restored quiet. The officers were simply doing their duty, and it is high time that they be protected in the discharge of their duty. No one, white or black, has any right to resist an officer armed with a warrant, and having prisoners in his charge. The ring leaders of the affair should be made to feel the full extent of the law. There is something ugly at the bottom of the demonstration on Saturday last, and it should be ferretted out.

Forsyth County Sunday School Association.

We noticed up to Wednesday morning in our last. We continue compilation from minutes:

The President stated that it was the best organized county in the State in Sunday School work. It has 45 schools, 38 outside of the towns, 44 of which submitted reports. Every township, with the exception of Old Richmond, has one or more schools. At the first roll call 45 delegates answered, representing 26 schools.

On Wednesday evening the association elected officers for the ensuing year, as follows: Rev. C. H. Wiley, President. Mr. Eugene A. Ebert, Secretary. Rev. F. H. Johnston, Treasurer. Vice Presidents: One from each township in the county, as follows: Winston, Thos. Spach; Vienna, Newton Doub; South Fork, S. A. Woosley; Salem Chapel, Dr. J. H. Morris; Kernersville, J. C. Roberts; Old Richmond, Aquilla Hunter; Old Town, J. Q. Hutchens; Middle Fork, Sol Clemmons; Lewisville, J. P. Binkley; Bethania, Edgar Lineback; Belew's Creek, J. Y. Pegram; Broadbay, L. A. Hege; Abbott's Creek, R. E. Holton.

Executive Committee: J. T. Lineback, Chairman; H. N. Snow, A. B. Gorrell, C. J. Watkins, H. E. Fries.

The following were elected delegates to the State Convention: H. E. Fries, Moravian; T. J. Brown, Presbyterian; Rev. W. A. Lutz, Lutheran; W. W. Workman, Missionary Baptist; H. N. Snow, Methodist E. South; J. C. Roberts, Meth. Prot.; Dr. John Morris, Meth. Episcopal; J. A. Robinson, Episcopal; N. M. Allen, Christian; John Strader, Cambellite.

On motion the Convention adjourned to meet in the M. E. Church in Winston, on the first Tuesday in August, 1881, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

EDITORS OF PRESS:—It is known all over the country that this has been a very unfavorable year for wheat and in many places wheat has been almost an entire failure. I wish to say what has been done with the Kilpatrick Rust Proof Wheat on a small scale. This is a new imported variety of red wheat and has yielded more per acre and a much greater quantity for amount sown than any wheat ever introduced into this part of the country. I had two bushels sent me last fall, which I sowed along side of the Winter Green, a variety which had before done well for me and gave it the same treatment. The difference was very perceptible from the time it came up till harvest, and afterwards much more so than before. My Winter Green took the rust long before it headed, and before time to harvest was nearly all flat on the ground not worth the trouble of cutting, and the Rust Proof stood up green till the last, with scarcely any rust perceptible, except here and there where there appeared to be a few heads of a different variety.

I threshed out my Rust Proof and got seventy bushels of good clean wheat from the two bushels sown, and have no doubt but that I would have gotten 100 bushels if the season had been a favorable one for wheat.

What farmer can beat this? If there is any in the county or elsewhere, let him trot out his rooster, we would like to hear from him.

August 1880. A. E. CONRAD.

KIDNEY DISEASE

Shows itself in Feverishness, Dry Skin, Quick Pulse, Pallor of the Skin, Frequent Evacuations, Pain in the Loins, Irritation in the Urinary organs and, if neglected, Dropsy. Avoid internal medicines and insure a cure by using Dr. Flagg's Improved Liver and Stomach Pad.

Hope Church Centennial.

On Saturday, the 28th inst., the centenary celebration of the organization of the Moravian Congregation at Hope, near Clemmonsville, will take place. The services will commence, D. V., at 11 o'clock, A. M.

The services will be opened by Rev. D. Z. Smith, the paster, followed by Dr. Rondthaler, of Salem, who will preach the sermon.

After a basket dinner, a Lovefeast will be served, conducted by Rev. J. B. Lineback.

The historical sketch will be read by Rev. R. B. Lineback, followed by a historical address by Rev. C. L. Rights.

Addresses will be given by members of other churches.

HOPE, INDIANA, 1 o'clock, A. M., August 4th, 1880.

MESSRS EDITORS:—This early hour finds me at the residence of my brother, Wm. L. Rights, on my homeward way; and having taken a several hours' nap and being restless I thought I would spend an hour or so in writing, and then try to go to sleep again.

I came up from Columbus yesterday forenoon, and had quite a number of acquaintances to call and see me, and I began to think Jasper Shields meant what he wrote me in a postal card when I was in the Nation: "Be sure and come by, for all Hope is looking for you."

Among those that called was Rev. F. R. Holland, Rev. Wm. H. Rice, from Brooklyn, N. Y., Messrs. Levi Rominger, Shields, Dr. Alexander Butner, uncle Peter Rothrock, (the last of the old race of Rothrocks,) Thomas Fetter, Joseph Holder, George Fry, Sen., Francis Rominger, Rev. Warren Tyson, (formerly from Waughtown, and one of my old Sunday School scholars at Friedland,) Mr. Hinshaw, (a son of the late Mr. Hinshaw, near Waughtown), and some strangers that wanted to see the "PRESS" man. And, by the way, the last *Press* I ran across was at the house of my old school mate, at Good Spring, Jeremiah Clodfelter, who lives near West Salem, Illinois, and who is a brother-in-law to uncle Sandy Snider; and he says he wants uncle Sandy and Joseph Knaus to come out to his house, and he will show them more rabbits than they ever heard of. And here, in Illinois, I met uncle Daniel Painter, Horatio Earnest, Scales Earnest and Mrs. Angeline Reich, m. n. Earnest. At Albion, Illinois, I spent a very pleasant day with Mrs. Emma Steward and her sister, Mrs. Scroggs, m. n. Senseman, and we conversed about Salem and old times in general; and Mrs. Scroggs, (who by the way does not look a bit older than when she left Salem), said to me, "Pray tell me who is the President of the Southern Provincial Conference of the Moravian Church in Bishop E. A. DeSchweinitz' place?" And my reply was, "Madam, you have him before you." And she looked so comical, as much as to say, not much of a President; but it was nevertheless a fact.

At Olney, Illinois, I met Mrs. Nancy Loback, m. n. Snow, formerly from Kernersville, N. C., John Senseman, son of the late Rev. E. T. Senseman; he is cashier of the Bank here; and when I told him who I was, he fairly dragged me into the house and asked more questions in five minutes than I could write out in half an hour. He is the very counterpart, in looks and actions, of his late departed uncle, E. A. Vogler. It almost made me cry to look at him; and like his uncle, he is very popular here. I also made the acquaintance of George White, who was also born in N. C., and is the son of the late Wm. H. White, who died in West Salem. Mr. White owns a woolen mill here.

I was dressed in a suit of Fries' gray mixed; he examined it very closely, asked the price, and said, "We make nothing as good as that in this country." His mother was Miss Lisetta Beitel. He introduced me to his wife, who is a nice lady, and little George, No. 2, all the child they have. The country around West Salem reminds me a great deal of North Carolina, more than any I have seen since I left. They are building a railroad here, and by next Christmas you can get a through ticket from Salem *to* Salem.

In writing this letter, I have somehow got the engine behind, and have been driving backwards all the time; and now I am running back into texas again, I expect because the crops are so good there, which is not the case everywhere else, on account of the drouth in some parts, particularly in Missouri.

On Monday morning, July 19th, I left Farmersville, Texas, with Robert Reich, in his two horse buggy. We crossed three large creek beds between Farmersville and McKinney, (as large as Middle Fork, at Salem,) and there is not a bit of water running in either of them. In driving along the road, at a descending grade there were some cattle before us, and when they went to get out of the way one cow was lying down, and beforo she could get up our horses were on top of her, and there was a general mixing up for a little while, but the cow got from under and there was no damage done except the breaking of a backband.

At McKinney, and by the way it has the finest court-house I ever saw. I had just parted from Mr. Reich and Mr. Sides and was about to get on the train, when a man came running and gave me a letter from Robert Dicks, a brother of Mrs. Dr. E. Kerner, a North Carolinian living in Sherman, saying that he would be waiting for me as I came up and I must spend some time with him too before I went home; and sure enough, he was there, and into his phaeton I had to get and home he carried me, and there, to my surprise and satisfaction, I found the parents of his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Stimpson, formerly from Lexington, N. C., and at one time Sheriff Stimson, of Davidson County; and a more cordial reception than I received from these good people, I have never realized before. Mr. Stimpson holds some public office here now which required his presence at the court-house part of the time; the rest he spent with me.

Towards evening, when it became cool, Mr. Dicks accompanied me all through the city, and to the ice factory; we passed all the churches, some ten or twelve, and three or four large educational institutions, indicating that Sherman is a live place in every respect. Mr. Dicks is the lessee of "Poinney House," an immense building in the hotel way. He does not stay at the house, as he has a manager to run it. He is likewise connected with a large hotel at Gainesville, Texas. Mr. Sublett, from Richmond, Va., formerly of the Central, at Winston, N. C., is manager, and is making a paying business of it. Mr. Dicks' residence is one of the finest in the city, and is the best finished house I ever was in. It cost eleven thousand eight hundred dollars, and was built by a man who was largely engaged in the lumber business there some years ago, and he put the best lumber the country afforded into the house and then broke all to pieces and had to leave it, and Mr. Dicks got a bargain in it.

In the morning before leaving, I helped to eat one of the finest water melons I ever saw, which was grown in Mr. Dicks' garden. I then took leave of these kind people, Green and Tom included, and in company wit Mr. Stimpson rode back to the depot, and started towards home. I here met a Methodist minister, who lived in Missouri, and used to know the Spainhours, Daniel, Jacob and Elijah, and others that went away from North Carolina 40 years ago. He said the old ones were all dead but Daniel Spainhour's wife; she was a sister of Daniel Hauser who died near Salem a few years ago. C. L. R.

Winston Tobacco Market.

AUGUST 11, 1880.

Breaks continue reasonably large for the lateness of the season. The offerings are principally of tobaccos shipped from other markets. Prices remain about the same. Special demand for fine mahogany wrappers and fine and fancy smokers. A. B. GORRELL.

A GOOD MILLER WANTED.

A good, experienced miller, capable of attending to a wheat and corn mill, can find employment by enquiring at this office.

July 29th 1880.

MARRIED.

On the 5th inst., in this place, by Eld. Wm. Turner, Miss ELIZA J. LONG to Mr. THOMAS M. SWAIM,—all of this county.

In Kernersville, on Tuesday of last week, by Rev. Z. Rush, Dr. ELIAS FULP, of Friedberg, to Miss LULA M. LINDSAY, daughter of Dr. Lindsay, of Kernersville.

DIED.

In Winston, on Tuesday night, at 11 o'clock, W. C. CAUSEY, aged about 35 years.

Near East Bend, the triplets of P. H and T. A. Poindexter. They were born December 5th and 6th, 1879. ADA died May 14th, aged 5 month and 8 days. ANNA MAY the 22nd, aged 5 months and 16 days. EDGAR, July 10th, aged 7 months and 5 days. They were taken away by that most fatal disease, cholera infantum.

These were very remarkable children, well developed from childhood, and grew in beauty and intelligence beyond their days, so that they were not only the joy of the family, but the admiration of all that knew them.

A little world in themselves, a darling little brother and two sweet little sisters, bound together by the strongest ties of nature. They are gone to be with Jesus, who said "suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not." They are gone to be beckoning angels to those left behind, and ties to bind them to glory and to God.

Now these have gone into the spirit land,
There to join the happy band,
And tune their harps of gold,
With saints both young and old.
They now enjoy the rest above,
Through God's redeeming love.
Oh how delightful it will be,
For the sweet band of three:
To plume their wings and fly away,
In sweetest song through endless day.

OBITUARY.

Died in Salem, Aug 9th, MISS LYDIA STAUBER, so well known, not only in her immediate circle of friends, but throughout our whole Southern land.

She came to Salem in early youth, and, in 1824, entered Salem Academy, where for the long period of 45 years she made her influence felt as a faithful and conscientious teacher, but, still more, by her sterling integrity, her force of character, her fearless advocacy of what was right, she wielded a mighty power over the numbers that, from time to time, came under her kindly care.

In 1809 the infirmities of increasing age caused her to resign the position of honor and usefulness which she had, so long and so ably filled; she glided easily and gently down the tide of years until, after a most severe and protracted illness, the Master called her to himself, at the ripe age of fourscore and four.

And now, attended by all the concomitants of virtuous old age, such as "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," she has gone to her reward, and it may truly be said "her works do follow her."

Pianos and Organs. Special Offer, Fall 1880. Cash Prices, with Three Months Credit.

Pianos and Organs "coming, 100,000 strong" by every steamer, to fill our mammoth **New Double Store,** (60 feet front, four stories high), from cellar to loft and supply the trade of the South. Just closed most advantageous contracts with leading Piano and Organ manufacturers. New Styles; New Prices; New Terms for fall trade 1880. **Special Offer to Cash Buyers**—*During months of Aug., Sept. and Oct. we will sell at Lowest Cash Prices, payable* $25 *Cash on Pianos or* $10 *Cash on Organs with balance in three months without interest.* New Pianos $165, $190, $237. New Organs, 5 stops, $50, 9 Stoys, $59. Selection from 10 makers and 165 different Styles. Lowest prices in America. Guaranteed instruments. 15 days trial. Every inducement that any responsible house can offer on standard instruments. Send for Fall 1880 Special Offers. Address **Ludden & Bates' Southern Music House, Savanah, Ga.**

July 29, 1880. 4w.

No Good Preaching.

No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerve, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See other column.

SALE OF Valuable Property.

BY VIRTUE of an order of the Superior Court of Forsyth County, the undersigned Commissioners appointed by said Court, will expose to sale at Public Auction, to the highest bidder, on the premises, beginning on

Tuesday, August 31st, 1880,

and continuing from day to day, the following described real and personal property belonging to the heirs of the estate of JOHN P. NISSEN, deceased, consisting of about Six Hundred Acres of Laed, lying near Waughtown, the entire Wagon Shops of the justly celebrated Nissen Wagons, including Wood Shops, Blacksmith Shops, Tools, Stock, Material and a large number of Wagons, finished and unfinished, a Saw Mill and a large amount of fine seasoned Wagon Lumber. Also all other property belonging to the said estate, subject to the Widow's Dower, which will be laid off before the day of sale. Terms of Sale:—All the personal property will be sold for Cash, and the real estate one-half cash, and the remaining half on a credit of twelve months to be secured by note with good security, bearing interest at 8 per cent. Title reserved until purchase money is paid.

☞ Sale to begin at 10 o'clock on the premises.

C. B. WATSON, J. C. BUXTON, } Commissioners.

July 26th, 1880.

NOTICE.

FORSYTH COUNTY:

Having qualified as administrator on the estate of the late Solomon Rothrock, on the 7th day of August, 1880; NOTICE is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of the said Solomon Rothrock, to make immediate payment and settlement to me or the claims will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection. And all persons having claims against said estate will present them to me, lawfully authenticated, on or before the 15th day of August, 1881, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

N. S. COOK.

Public Adm'r of Forsyth County.

August 9th, 1880.—6t.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS FOR 1880.

$1.50 A YEAR.

The PRESS entered its twenty-eighth (28th) volume on January 1st, 1880.

Now is the time to subscribe. This year will be an exciting one in the politics of the country, and it will be our endeavor to make the PRESS more interesting and entertaining than ever.

If sufficient encouragement be received, various improvements will be made.

Persons wishing to act as Agents will hear something to their advantage, if they write us at once.

Send for instructions and terms.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Jan. 1, 1880.

JOB PRINTING of

all descriptions executed with neatness and dispatch at the PRESS OFFICE.

PERFECTLY SAFE IN THE MOST INEXPERIENCED HANDS!

For Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera, AND ALL THOSE NUMEROUS TROUBLES OF THE STOMACH AND BOWELS SO PREVALENT AT THIS SEASON,

No Remedy known to the Medical Profession has been in use so long and with such uniformly satisfactory results as

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER

It has been used with such wonderful success in all parts of the world in the treatment of these difficulties, that it has come to be considered

AN UNFAILING CURE FOR ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS

and such it really is when taken in time and according to the very plain directions inclosing each bottle.

In such diseases, the attack is usually sudden and frequently very acute; **but with a safe remedy at hand** for immediate use, **there is seldom danger of the fatal result** which so often follows a few days' neglect.

The inclination to wait and see if the morrow does not bring a better feeling, not infrequently occasions a vast amount of needless suffering, and **sometimes costs a life.** A timely dose of Pain Killer will almost invariably save both, and with them the attendant doctor's fee.

It has stood the test of forty years' constant use in all countries and climates, and is perfectly safe in any person's hands.

It is recommended by Physicians, Nurses in Hospitals, and persons of all classes and professions who have had opportunity for observing the wonderful results which have always followed its use.

THE BEST EVIDENCE:

I have long used the medicine known as PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER in my family and would not on any account be without it. When Cholera was last epidemic here, I used no medicine of any sort but the Pain Killer, and although myself and several members of my family were attacked severely, I am happy to say that the Pain Killer was equal to every emergency. I consider I should not be doing my duty to the community did I not say this much. If I were attacked by the Cholera to-day, Pain Killer would be the only remedy I should use. I have thoroughly tested it, and know it can be relied on.

F. E. BERGINSEND, Galena, Illinois.

Messrs. PERRY DAVIS & SON:

I know you need no testimonial to convince you that your medicine is all that you claim for it, but I cannot restrain the impulse to communicate to you the fact that in my family it has truly done wonders. I administer it to my children (one eighteen months, and the other three years old) with perfect success. It regulates their bowels, and stops all diarrhœa. Myself and wife resort to it in all cases, both for internal and external use. I've used it in my family for five years, and will not be without it. Feeling myself under much obligation to you, in many times being relieved from pain, I am very truly yours,

L. F. MOORE, Bangall, Dutchess Co., New York.

No family can afford to be without it, and its price brings it within the reach of all. The use of one bottle will go further to convince you of its merits than columns of newspaper advertising. Try it, and you will never do without it.

Price 25c. 50c. and $1.00 per bottle. You can obtain it at any drug-store or from

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

Hinshaw Brothers,

SHALLOWFORD ST., (OPPOSITE PIEDMONT WAREHOUSE).

WINSTON, N. C.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,

Groceries, General Merchandise, Guano,

Grass Seeds, Fertilizers and Country Produce.

OUR EFFORTS TO BUILD UP A LARGE TRADE HAS BEEN CROWNED with success, and we have been compelled to double the size and capacity of our former storehouse, which gives us the best arranged and most convenient store-rooms in the State. We have added very many articles to our stock and separated our wholesale department from the retail and made it very complete and we are now pleased to offer to the Spring trade both wholesale and retail a stock, in quality, variety and magnitude, never before equaled in this market, and with our increased facilities and renewed energy, we intend to offer our customers greater inducements than ever before, and by pursuing the same course as heretofore, we hope and expect to achieve still greater results, and to merit the same. We will continue to have in stock a full line of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Calicos	Ladies' H'dfs,	Cottonades,	Putty,	Coffee,
Lawns,	Ladies' Ruffs,	Linens,	Locks,	Sugar,
Piques,	Ladies' Shawls,	Jeans,	Hinges,	Syrup,
Linens,	Ladies' Kid Gloves,	Cassimeres,	Screws,	Soda,
Poplins,	Perfumery,	Doeskins,	Kettles,	Fish,
Worsteds,	Ribbons,	Broadcloths,	Mule Shoes,	Salt,
Cashmeres,	Insertings,	Horse Shoes,	Meat,	
Silks,	Hamburg Edgings,	Mattocks, Hoes,	Lard,	
Grasscloths,	Plaids,	Horse Shoe Nails,	Flour,	
Swiss Muslins,	Sheetings,	Ties & Suspenders,	Grindstones,	Meal,
Victoria Lawns,	Cotton Yarns,	Pocket Knives,	Oils & Lead,	Kegs,
Jaconets,	Drillings,	Knives & Forks,	Varnishes,	Tubs,
Bl'ched Domestic,	Cambrics,	Nails,	Drugs, DyeStuffs,	Rope,
Ladies' Ties,	Osnabergs,	Axes,	Pat'nt Medicines,	Corn,
Ladies' Collars,	Flannels.	Hammers,	Leather,	Chop,
Ladies' Cuffs,	Hickory Shirtings,	Saws,	Crockery,	Oats,
Ladies' Hosiery,	Bed Ticking,	Glass,	Stationery,	Rye,

Paints, Notions of every description, White Goods, Trunks and Valises, Sole, Harness and Upper Leather, Blankets, Oil Cloths, Table Linens, Napkins, Umbrellas, &c. A large assortment of all colors and numbers of J. & P. Coats' SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON, always on hand, at same prices and on same terms that it is sold by the largest jobbing houses in America. You will save freight by buying from us. We continue to keep

Best Assortment of ALPACAS in Town,

and offer inducements in Ladies' Dress Goods. We are Sole Agents for the Winchester Cassimeres, Boots and Shoes, which are so well and favorably known that it is only necessary to state that we will offer this year a greater variety of both than ever before. Every pair of Shoes and Boots fully warranted.

It is a conceded fact that we carry a larger and better assorted stock and sell more Boots and Shoes than any house in this county.

Our Wholesale Department will be more complete this year than ever before, and we are fully prepared to meet all competition both here and elsewhere, and ask our country merchants to make a note of this.

20,000 BAGS FOR SALE, ON LIBERAL TERMS, THIS SPRING, OF

ALLISON & ADDISON'S "STAR BRAND"

COMPLETE MANURE FOR TOBACCO.

Dried Fruits & Country Produce taken in exchange for Merchandise

We invite all to come and examine our Stock and Prices before purchasing.

N. H. MEDEARIS, of Forsyth, THOS. H. PEGRAM, Jr., of Winston, J. W. MARTIN, of Davie, W. H. BYNUM, of Stokes, E. F. WALL, of Surry, } Are with us as Salesmen, and invite their friends and acquaintances to call and see them.

Respectfully,

April 10, 1880. HINSHAW BROTHERS

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE LEADING COMPANY OF THE WORLD.

Assets, over - - $30,000,000.

Total Claims Paid, SEVENTY MILLION DOLLARS.

New York Office, 45 William Street.

DAVENPORT & CO., GENERAL AGENTS,

1113 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

J. A. LINEBACK, SALEM, N. C.,

Agent for Salem, Winston and vicinity.

IN ITS 17th VOLUME.

THE RALEIGH NEWS.

P. M. HALE, - - - Editor.
E. L. POLK, - Corresponding Editor.
EDWARDS, BROUGHTON & CO., Business Managers.

A N. C. Democratic Journal.

Daily and Weekly.

TERMS:

Daily, 1 year,	$7 00	Weekly 1 year,	$2 00
" 6 mos.,	3 50	" 6 mos.,	1 00
" 3 mos.,	1 75		

Address, THE RALEIGH NEWS, Raleigh N. C.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted every where to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Addres TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

FLORAL PANEL PICTURES, LILIES OF THE VALLEY, ROSES and DAISES, CALLA LILIES, Beautiful ornaments at the BOOKSTORE.

1880. 1880.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

JUST RECEIVED at Mrs. DOUTHIT'S, a large assortment of all kinds of

MILLINERY GOODS, NOTIONS, WHITE GOODS, &c., &c.,

for the Spring and Summer of 1880, which will be sold cheap for cash.

All are invited to call.

Mrs. T. B. DOUTHIT.

Salem, N. C., April 8, 1880.

REMOVAL.

O.K.W. HOWARD

Would inform his frieuds and customers that he has moved from Winston to the

OLD FULKERSON STORE. SALEM, N. C.,

and, as heretofore, he will be the pioneer of low prices. Believing in a nimble sixpence, he will endeavor always to sell at the lowest possible rates,

FAMILY and STAPLE GROCERIES, STAPLE DRY GOODS & SHOES.

Coffee, 15 cents; Sugar 10 cents and other goods proportionately low. A full supply always on hand.

CALL AND SEE HIM.

A. C. VOGLER,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

ALL KINDS OF **FURNITURE, COFFINS, CASKETS, &c.,**

MAIN STREET,

SALEM, N. C.

I have a new HEARSE and am prepared to attend burials at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. Undertaking in all its branches. A. C. V.

May 6, 1880.—18

I. W. DURHAM,

PRACTICAL

Marble-Worker

AND DEALER IN

MONUMENTS

AND

TOMBSTONES.

WINSTON, N. C.

Write for Price List and Designs.

March 21—26-12—1 year.

GOLD Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated family publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home overnight. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages in the business fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

FORSYTH COUNTY:

Having qualified as Administrator on the estate of Eli Lash, deceased, on the 27th day of July, 1880, NOTICE is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of said Eli Lash, to make immediate payment and settlement to me, or the claims will be put in the hands of an officer for collection. And all persons having claims against said estate will present them to me on or before the 1st day of August, 1881, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

N. S. COOK,

Public Adm'r of Forsyth County.

July 27th, 1880.—6t.

ICE CREAM.

PURE FRESH ICE CREAM, At MELLER'S OLD STAND.

FLAGG'S **IMPROVED PATENT LIVER PAD.**

NEVER GETS HARD. CAN BE MADE ANY STRENGTH DESIRED. LASTS TWICE AS LONG.

Diseases Cured without Dragging the System.

CURES Chills and Fever, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Costiveness, Female Weakness, Sick & Nervous Headache.

These Pads Cure all Diseases by Absorption. No Noxious Pills, Oils, or Poisonous Medicines are taken into the Stomach. The Pads are worn over the Pit of the Stomach, covering the Great Nerve Centres, also the LIVER and Stomach. A gentle Tonic Power is absorbed into the circulation of the Blood and Liver, purifying the Blood, stimulating the Liver and Kidneys to healthy action, and strengthening the Stomach to digest food. PRICE OF PAD $1 EACH. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS, or send by Mail or Express.

Manufactured at 36 & 41 NORTH LIBERTY ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

For sale in Winston at the Drug Stores of Montague & Gray, and S. H. Smith.

SABBATH READING.

THE PATHWAY O' THE SEA.

BY M. L. DEMAREST.

Our een, aft whiles, are howden, Lord,
Tho' near we are to Thee,
But maist o' a', we ken Thee not
By pathway o' the sea.

Oh, weep for them that gang awa',
An' let your grief be sair;
For twice yon sea has ta'en frae me,
An' gies them back nae mair.

Aince mair to see my darling's face,
His sweet young lips to kiss!
But a' the years I hae to live
Will never gie me this!

Sae young he was, dear Lord, to gae
Yon stormy way, his lane—
Alane? O thou a little faith,
The Lord was wi' His ain!

In mercy Thou hast hid frae us
The knowledge o' the dree,
Those fearin' hours facing death
Upo' the wintry sea.

Sae mony souls went up to God
Yon awfu' Sabbath Day,
The stormy sea a' maist might be
The angel's shining way.

Yet after whiles my heart cries out,
Abune my better creed,
"Lord Jesus, if Thou hadst been there,
My brother had na d'eed!"

Oh, mind ye, faithless, aching heart,
How, aince in raging storm,
Upo' the waves o' Galilee
He walked in human form;

An' in His han' o' luving strength
Held Peter safe frae death;
An' years, I ken, hae wrought nae change
In Christ o' Nazareth

His voice yon stormy morn
Wrought peace frae deepest strife,
An' He it was who gied our bairn
A grander gift than life.

For in His han' are life an' death,
He kens while gift is best,
The luve that "luved unto the end"
Is surety for the rest,

Tho' what He does, like Peter, aft
At first we manna ken,
Oh, sure the sweet hereafter comes,
An' we shall know it then!

For aye, ae wondrous word o' Thine
Rings out abune our dree,
The promise that in yonder land
There shall be nae mair sea.

The Mile-Stones of Life.

Do those of us who are nearing and passing some of the later mile-stones of our one earthly journey, ripen well? Is there an increasing sweetness, a brighter mellowness of life and character? Have we more of the gentleness of Christ, more of the atmosphere and glow of heaven as we near our home? On these points, an extract from the letter of a dear ministerial friend, is too good to be kept private: "Well, I am with you on the heaven side of sixty, having just 'crossed the line' as sailors say. I thought sure I should feel like an old man, that the grace of age which comes, they say, for early piety and such devoted manhood, would fall all over me, and I should feel myself benignly glorified. But I don't see as I am materially improved by passing this big mile-stone—though I think I can see some improvement since I was forty. I think I have conquered some of the bad things that have bothered me, though, alas, not all. I think I have more patience and pity, larger sympathies, higher hopes and a more chastened joy. I think I love Christ better and hold my friends dearer; that life was never so full and sweet; the gospel never seemed so rich and blessed; and the work of the ministerial never so delightful. You, I am sure, can say so much."

Faced Him.

A minister newly settled in Glasgow, Scotland, determined to visit every person in his parish. He began his rounds, and succeeded in finishing the entire list—with a single exception.

Up four flights of stairs, in a poor tenement house, lived, or hovelled, an intemperate man who was so repulsive and savage that he dared not meet him. The minister's friends had warned him not to call there, for fear of personal harm. The wretch had driven his family away. Nobody could live with him, and he was best let alone. He was a "beast." This was confirmed by the minister's own impressions the few times he had seen the drunkard, and he shunned him.

Still the good man could not help feeling ashamed of his fears; and the shame grew upon him the more he thought of the matter.

At last, one splendid morning, rising, after a perfect night's rest, full of vigor and spiritual courage, he said to himself, "Now is my time to go to Piper's Alley and see Tim Burke. I'm just in the mood."

He went straight to the place, climbed through the dirty entries, and knocked at the man's door. He listened, and then knocked again—and soon after again. The drunkard must be in at this hour, I ever, and he was resolved not to lose his errand.

Finally he lifted the latch. There was no lock and the door slowly opened. Before him, crouched over the fire-place, he saw Tim Burke the "beast."

Wild and dangerous enough the creature looked, in his filth and rags, and with his glaring eyes.

"Who be you?" That was his first greeting to his visitor.

"I am a minister."

"Minister! What d' you want?"

"I came to see you."

"Well, look at me, then," and the man rose to his feet and came forward.

"Ain't I a beauty, eh?" stepping nearer and nearer. The minister expected an attack, and was prepared for it.

"Have you looked enough?" said the drunkard, approaching so close that his visitor caught his foul breath. "Now I'll tell ye what I'm goin' to do. I'm goin' to kick ye down stairs!"

"Hold on, hold on! Not now!" said the minister, "If you kick me down stairs, I'll have to come all the way up again. I've a call to make on the next floor. Wait till I come back, and then if you conclude to kick the minister who wanted to make you a friendly visit, why, I shall be at your service."

"Well, you are a cool one," muttered the drunkard; and he went and sat down again.

After making his call, the minister returned, and presented himself according to promise; but he found the man not at all disposed to kick him now He had evidently been thinking

"Sit down," said he; and the minister sat down and talked with him like a tender brother; and when he spoke to him of his wife and children the tears began to roll down the poor drunkard's cheeks; "Oh, I'm a God-forsaken wretch, beyond mercy! he groaned. But the minister pointed him to Christ, and knelt and prayed that the fallen soul might have strength and grace to rise again.

The good man followed up his prayer with persistent kindness, and faithfully stood by Tim Burke till he saw him reunited to his family, and established in honest employment, a sober, right-minded, church-going man.

Ever afterwards, when inclined to be afraid of a repulsive duty, it was enough for the minister to remember that day when he "rescued the perishing."—*Youth's Companion.*

THE Middletown *Press* asks: Does a man think that he is strictly temperate because he does not drink any spirituous liquors, but eats with a voracious appetite to repletion, so that he becomes stupid as a donkey?

A Rough Translation.

A young lady moving in the most exalted social circles of Galveston, after much toil and practice at the piano, learned to play with considerable dexterity a piece entitled "Picnic Polka." It is something after the style of the celebrated "Battle of Prague." The listener can readily distinguish the roar of the artillery, the rattle of the musketry, the shouts of soldiers and the groans of the dying. In the "Picnic Polka" the noise of the wind among the trees and the joyous carols of the birds are reproduced, the finale being a thunder-shower which disturbs the sylvan revellers. It happens that a country cousin is in town just now, and the young lady thought she would play the piece to him and hear his comment. He is a plain, simple-minded youth, and although not very bright, is very appreciative. She told him what the piece was and then proceeded to give him the "Picnic Polka." The first notes are rather slow and hesitating, the idea sought to be conveyed being the solemn solitude of forest, through which the gentle zephyr (not heifer) sighs. After she got through with this preface, she asked him if he did not almost imagine himself in a lodge in some vast wilderness. He replied that he thought all that slowness meant the delay in getting off. Said he: "There is always some darned cuss who oversleeps himself and keeps everybody else waiting."

She did not care to discuss the point with the ignorant fellow, so, to conceal her emotions, she once more let herself out on the piano. The woods were filled with music. The mocking bird whistled as if his throat would split, the cuckoo filled the sylvan bowers with his repeated cry, while ever and anon the mournful cooing of the dove interrupted the matin song of the lark.

"There, now, I guess you know what that sounds like?" she said, as she paused.

"You mean that 'tootle, tootle, tootle, chug, chug, chug?' You just bet I understand that. Many is the time at a picnic I've heard it from the mouth of a demijohn or the bunghole of a beer-keg."

Her first impulse was to hurl the piano stool at him, but it passed off, and once more she went at the piano as if it was the young man's head and was insured for double its value. The thunder growled, the lightning flashed (from her eyes) and the first heavy drops are heard upon the leaves. She banged and mauled the keys at a fearful rate; peal after peal of deafening thunder perturbed the atmosphere and re-echoed in still louder reverberations until it wound up in one appalling clap as a grand finale. Then, turning to the awe-struck youth, she said: "I suppose you have heard something like that before?"

"Yes, that's what the fellow with linen pants said when he sat down on the custard pie."

The audience found himself alone, but he picked up his hat and sauntered out into the street, densely unconscious that he had said anything out of the way.

How a Famous Cheese is Made.

Perhaps the most justly celebrated cheese made on the Continent of Europe is the Swiss Gruyere. This is made mostly in huts, called chalets, high up among the Alps, at the time during which the pastures on the mountain-sides are accessible, and the huts habitable, say from the melting of the snow in May to the end of September, when men and animals descend for the winter into the sheltered valleys thousands of feet below.

The chalets are located in the midst of the mountain pastures on a spot safe from avalanches, and generally near to a small pond or spring of water, when such are available. Provisions from the valleys are carried up weekly to the chalets, and it is under such difficult circumstances that a cheese is made which for hundreds of years has been considered almost, if not quite the best on the Continent.

The milk, partly skimmed, or not, according to the quality of the cheese desired to be made, is put into a great kettle and swung on a crane over a gentle fire, where it is allowed to attain a temperature of seventy-seven degrees Fahrenheit, when the kettle is swung off the fire and rennet is added to the milk. When coagulation has advanced far enough the curd is cut into as fine pieces as is practible with the large wooden knife which is used for the purpose. The kettle is then swung over the fire again, and the curd is taken up in small quantities in a porringer and poured back through the fingers, where it is still more finely divided.

Great importance is attached to this division of the curd, in order that each particle may be fully exposed to the action of the heat in the "cooking" process, which ensues up to a point when a temperature of 90° has been attained. The kettle is then immediately swung off the fire, and the waste of curd and whey stirred for some fifteen minutes longer, and if the cooking has been properly performed the particles of curd have the appearance of bursted grains of rice swimming in the whey. The curd is then collected in a cloth, and great care is taken to expel all whey. The salting of the cheese is also considered a delicate and important process. The salt is rubbed from time to time on the outside of the cheese, care being taken to discern when enough shall have been absorbed. The Gruyere cheeses are commonly three feet in diameter, and weigh over one hundred pounds. A successful cheese of this kind is like a soft yellow paste, which melts in the mouth, and it is filled with cavities about the size of a pea, one or two, say, in each square inch of cheese.—*Dairyman's Journal.*

Don't Overwork the Brain.

There is something more dreadful in the consequences of working the mind to exhaustion than in similar abuse of the body.

Dr. Parker, of New York, delivered a lecture in that city, in which he showed the evils proceeding from the transgression of the limits of their powers by literary men.

He said: "No man can do headwork faithfully for more than four or five or six hours. If that time is exceeded, all the phosphorus is carried off, and the man becomes irritable, broken down, and has softening of the brain.

"I have seen this overwork in lawyers, doctors, clergymen and merchants who have worked the brain for ten hours.

"They have dropped under the burden. You can not violate the law of God with impunity. Sir Walter Scott did a large amount of brain work in his day, but he did not overwork himself. In his latter days, however, he became pecuniarily embarrassed, and resorted to his literary pursuits to save himself; but he worked too hard and completely broke himself down.

"One of the best scholars I ever knew completely broke himself down in his younger days, but he lived on to seventy, though he could only work some four hours a day. After these hours he engaged in vigorous exercise to keep him out of the house as much as possible, and he continued one of the best professors in the country."

VIRTUE comes in small packages, but vice by the baleful.

WHAT IT COSTS TO LIVE.

The Number of Dollars One Eat up In Fifty Years.

Mr. Soyer, who in his lifetime gained so much fame as a cook and food economist, made a calculation as to how much of the finer wines and meats were consumed by a professed bon-vivant in the course of his lifetime. This curious feat of calculation is based on a lifetime extending over sixty years; the life of a bon-vivant is estimated as enduring for three score years and ten; but—though he might have extended the number—the first ten years are not taken into account, as during that period the boy is not allowed to consume anything but what is placed before him. Taking the round figures of the accumulated "services of meat and drink," it appears, by Mr. Soyer's calculation, that a professor of good living will consume in the sixty years allotted to him, about sixty tons of viands, which he probably washes down with a hundred hogsheads of wines and liquors of various kinds. The following are the materials which, according to Soyer, composes the daily dinner of the average epicure—namely, half a pint of soup, four ounces of fish, eight ounces of meat, four ounces of poultry, four ounces of savory meats, two ounces of vegetables, two ounces of bread, two ounces of pastry, half an ounce of cheese, four ounces of fruit, one pint of wine, one glass of liquor, one cup of coffee or tea. The solids, it will be seen, which are consumed at this meal amount to thirty and a half ounces; whilst at luncheon time, eight ounces would be consumed; and calculating the eggs, fish, or cutlets eaten at breakfast, an additional twelve ounces would fall to be added to the account, equivalent to forty-eight ounces of solid food *per diem*; and there would be at least three pints of liquid material in coffee, soup, wine, and liquors. At present prices, the eating and drinking of a professed good liver could not be accomplished for less than twelve shillings sterling ($3.00) *per diem*, including wines and liquors. That may seem a large sum; but the money which is necessarily expended in cooking such a dinner as an epicure would order is considerable, and necessarily fails to be included in the bill of costs; while if high-class wines be selected, twelve shillings will hardly cover the expenditure. Twelve shillings a day for a period of three hundred and sixty-five days amount to two hundred and nineteen pounds ($1,096;) and in sixty years at that rate, the good liver's commissariat account will sum up to the very handsome sum of thirteen thousand one hundred and forty pounds sterling ($65,-700.)

A healthy and hungry eater of the upper middle class, able to afford a good dinner, will in the course of his lifetime consume thirty fat oxen, two hundred sheep, as many lambs, a hundred calves, fifty pigs, twelve hundred barn-door fowls, three hundred turkeys, four hundred ducklings, and as much game as he can afford to purchase; his consumption of fish, fruits, and vegetables will be in proportion, say sixty salmon, a hundred and fifty cod-fish, two hundred soles, and many hundreds of the minor fishes, not to speak of a few hundred lobsters and many thousand oysters. Taking, then, the food expenditure of the professional and higher mercantile men—we cannot compute it at less, including wines, spirits beer, than eight shillings ($2.00) *per diem*, which, when expensive fruits and choice vintages are taken into account, is a moderate enough estimate, especially if the occasional dinner and supper parties given in the course of the year be included. A year's dinner and food expenditure at the rate just mentioned would sum up to one hundred and forty-six pounds ($730); and taking a similar rate for a period of fifty years, it represents a total amount of seven thousand three hundred pounds ($36,500). Presuming that, if he pleased, the professional or mercantile man of the class indicated might easily so restrict his expenditure as to admit of a saving of two thousand pounds ($10,000) on his life's ford account, the total gain would be positively enormous. If there are, say, a million of such persons—and for illustrative purposes we may assume there are a million—the sum gained would be represented by no less a sum than two thousand million pounds ($10,-000,000,000)! Such figures must of course be set down as utopian, because men as a rule have become such slaves to their appetites, that it would be hopeless to attempt to wean them from what they have grown to consider a necessary of their lives; but the fact remains notwithstanding that "we all eat and drink too much."—*Chambers' Journal.*

A "Squaw Man."

"Squaw-man" is the name given to a white man who has married one or more Indian wives and been regularly adopted by their tribe with whom he lives. With the exception of being of occasional use as an interpreter he is an utterly worthless person He has completely left his own race and taken to the ways of the savage and is equally despised by the whites and by his adopted brethren. Many of the woodcutters who supply fuel to steamboats on the Upper Missouri marry, or rather buy, Indian wives; but they do not form part of the tribal family, as does the "squaw-man." Often it is policy for them to take wives from tribes which are dangerous to their safety A wife insures protection from the depredations of her tribe; and when her lord and master is tired of her, or wishes to form other business relations, he simply tells her and her progeny to go home. These men have the reputation of being most active agents in supplying ammunition to Indians.

All these frontier folks eat, drink and live, and after their manner enjoy life. We can perceive that they have occasional hardships, but they have pleasures which may not be so easily understood by people who live in comfortable houses, and drive in well hung and well cushioned carriages, or walk paved streets. A life in the open air, freedom from restraint, and a vigorous appetite, generally finding a hearty meal to satisfy it, make difficult a return to the humdrum of steady work and comparative respectability They have their place in the drama of our national life, for better or for worse, and their pursuits and character must be recognized and studied by any one who would comprehend our great Western country.—*International Review.*

JOSEPH KEARNEY'S ingenious plan to make money, in Philadelphia, was to tell mothers that their sons had been horribly mangled, and ask for a few dollars in haste to buy medicine. The trick was successful in several instances. Then he boldly went to a woman with the false news that her son's body would arrive on a certain train, with $5 due for delivery. She had heard of him, and he was arrested.

JEANNE'S mother attempts to dissuade her from marrying a soldier of the line with whom the girl is desperately in love. "A war may come and a cannon-ball may take off his head," she tells her. "Ah, well! a widow at 16!" exclaims the daughter. "What is more poetic?"

The Traitor's Reward.

A vivid account of the career of one of society's notorious evil-doers, by G. Lippard, closes with this warning picture:

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, hot foot from Paris. It was in the darkest hour of the French revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of the reign of terror, stripped of every wreck of property or power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to set sail. He was going a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land to earn his bread by daily labor.

"Is there any American gentleman staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of his hotel. "I am about to cross the water, and would like a letter to some person of influence in the New World."

The landlord hesitated for a moment, and then replied: "There is a gentleman up stairs, either from America or Britain, but whether American or Englishman I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand—who, in his life, was Bishop, Prince, Prime Minister—ascended the stairs; a venerable supplicant, he stood before the stranger. He poured forth his story in eloquent French and broken English.

"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or a hope. You are an American? Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of introduction to some friend of yours, so that I may be enabled to earn my bread. Give me a letter to one of your friends. A gentleman, like you, has doubtless many friends."

The strange man rose. With a look Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated toward the door of the next chamber, still downcast, his eyes still looking from beneath his darkenedbrows. He spoke as he retreated backward; his voice was full of meaning.

"I am the only man born in the New World that can raise his hand to God, and say—I have not one friend—not one—in all America."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of the look which accompanied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated toward the next room—"your name?"

"My name"—with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression—"my name is Benedict Arnold."

He was gone. Talleyrand sank into a chair, gasping the words, "Arnold, the traitor."—*Central Christian Advocate.*

Milk and Lime Water.

Milk and lime water are now frequently prescribed by physicians in cases of dyspepsia and weakness of the stomach, and in some cases are said to prove very beneficial. Many persons who think good bread and milk a great luxury, frequently hesitate to eat it for the reason that the milk will not digest readily—sourness of stomach will often follow. But experience proves, says the *Journal of Materia Medica*, that lime water and milk are not only food and medicine at an early period of life, but also at a later, when, as in the case of infants, the functions of digestion and assimilation are feeble and easily perverted. A stomach taxed by gluttony, irritated by improper food, inflamed by alcohol, enfeebled by disease, or otherwise unfitted for its duties—as is shown by the various symptoms attendant upon indigestion, dyspepsia, diarrhea, dysentery, and fever—will resume its work, and do it energetically, on an exclusive diet of bread and milk and lime water. A goblet of cow's milk may have four tablespoonfuls of lime water added to it with good effect. The way to make lime water is simply to procure a few lumps of unslaked lime, put the lime in a stone jar, and add water until the lime is slaked and of about the consistence of thin cream; the lime settles, leaving the pure and clean lime water on the top.

Brilliant, But Unhappy.

Readers of Lever's amusing novels would imagine their author to have been of sunny temperament and joyous heart. The fun that sparkles in them is of the most rollicking kind. But the biography of Charles Lever shows that the gay writing was often a reaction from a profound despondency.

Lever was a genuine Bohemian, without principle or any serious aim in life. An inveterate gambler, fond of carousal, he wasted health and money, and made no provision for the future. His income as an author was sometimes fifteen thousand dollars a year, but it was all spent in dissipation. Curious as it may seem, we learn that he did not like writing, and resorted to it only as a necessity. It cost too much hard labor for one of his temperament, and when his works were finished, he had not patience to correct them. It is not pleasant to read such a biography of a writer of brilliant gifts.

A Peculiar Fitness for His Work.

Many Australian shepherds are convicts. A sheep farmer had ten, and he used to describe their peculiarities in an amusing manner. One was a clergyman. He was idle, sat down, and let the sheep wander. Another was an English shepherd. He could not adapt himself to the vagrant ways of colonial sheep. Another was a murderer. He drove the sheep too hard. The best of the whole ten was a London pickpocket. In the exercise of his profession he had been observant, cautious, and dexterous, taking constant note of persons, peculiarities, and dress. He had to estimate the value of his victims, and to obtain his object with the least disturbance to their sensibilities. He watched the sheep carefully, knew what each had in its pocket, and did his best to secure the prize for his employer. Such is the power of personal attention and discrimination.

Speech and Size.

The Power of Speech.—A man who cannot use his eyes should use his tongue.

Man's darkened soul can *call* for a light when it cannot *strike* a light.

The spiritually blind man can utter a loud and exceedingly-bitter cry that shall pierce heaven and enter into th ear and heart of God.

Size.—Bigness is not greatness; and yet smallness is in itself no blessing, though it may be the occasion of a man's winning one.

Happily for little men the giants have seldom any great wit.

It is not pleasant to see every one about you a bigger person than yourself. Yet this is a sight many do see who are not dwarfs *in stature.*

MISS WILSON is a Delaware heiress and beauty. She fell in love with a farm hand, because she deemed him heroic; but when they eloped, and he ran away from her across the fields at the approach of her pursuing father, she concluded that she had overrated him, and went back home contentedly.

WHEN his cousin, Charlotte Dunne, was married, Jones said, "It was Dunne before it was begun, Dunne while it was being done, and not Dunne when it was done."

Moths.

A word in season, if it is the right word, regarding moths, will be equivalent in utility to the old adage, "A stitch in time saves nine." An obscure student of economic housewifery, who has attentively regarded for a series of years the action of different vegetable substances on the life and the destruction of insects, has discovered the proper food for the greedy moth, all mouth. It is cheaper than camphor or tobacco, has no smell, and is always available. A pound or two or three of black pepper, ready pulverized for table use, scattered freely among your furs and woolens, can easily be shaken all out in the fall by some hand, willing and happy to be hired to sneeze, and the garments will be found uninjured. A lady who packed up her personal effects in the loose confusion of too little time and strength to devote thereto, hurried them off to one of our great storehouses, and left them untouched during an absence of three years. She had tossed the pepper with lavishness through each trunk, box, and defenseless bag of bundles. She found her fur-trimmed and all-wool garments perfectly unharmed after their three years of extra exposure among the quantities of other families' goods accumulated in the proper moths' boarding-house. Not only this triumph; another divulged experience brings to light a handsome muff, which, being superseded by other furs to match suits, escaped use for fifteen or twenty years, and was seldom looked at. Well peppered, and without extra care, it is clean, fresh, and undamaged to-day.—*New York Times.*

Ancient Petroleum.

Prof. Skeat has called attention to a passage in North's translation of "Plutarch's Lives" (1631, p. 702), from which it appears that petroleum was known in the time of Alexander the Great. The passage runs as follows: "For a Macedonian called Proxenus, that had charge of the King's carriage (baggage), as he digged in a certaine place by the riuer of Oxus, to set vp the King's tent and his lodging, he found a certain fat and oily veine, which, after they had drawn out the first, there came out also another clearer, which differed nothing, neither in smell, tast, or savour, from natural oile, having the glosse and fatness so like as there could be discerned no difference between them; the which was so much the more to be wondered at, because in all that country there were no oliues."

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SUSAN B. ANTHONY'S lecture—"Woman wants bread, not the ballot," is a very ingenious argument in support of her theory, but something more convincing are the testimonials to the efficacy of Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment, a remedy which men, and women, too, sometimes need. The price of this valuable medicine is only 50c. For sale by all druggists.

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Anthony Atwood, a retired minister of the M. E. Church, 809 North Seventeenth street, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "Hunt's Remedy has cured my wife of Dropsy in its worst form. All hope had left us for months. All say that it is a miracle. Water had dropped from her right limb for months. Forty-eight hours had taken all the extra water from her system. All other means had been tried. None succeeded but Hunt's Remedy." Trial size 75 cents.

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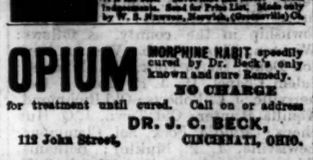

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